

APR. 6,
1940

Liberty 5¢



**WHEN GOERING
WAS IN A MADHOUSE**

**WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT
WOULD SENATOR TAFT MAKE?**

WHAT JIMMY ROOSEVELT IS DOING IN HOLLYWOOD

862
R



No girl would go out with him a second time. They wouldn't have gone out with him a first time if friends hadn't arranged "blind dates." For his was the unforgivable social error, halitosis (bad breath)—the fault that women simply won't tolerate in men—and of which so many men are guilty.

Do they think that way about you?

Unfortunately, everyone may have bad breath at some time or other. While sometimes due to systemic conditions, usually and fortunately, it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth.

Excesses of any kind, a change in your routine—and you may be the guilty person! At this very moment you may be offending without know-

ing it. That's the insidious thing about this condition.

Why take such a chance? Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. By simply rinsing your mouth with delightful Listerine Antiseptic you

can make your mouth delightfully clean, your breath purer, more wholesome and agreeable.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office and use it frequently — especially before social or business dates. It's a pleasant precaution against having a breath that offends. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

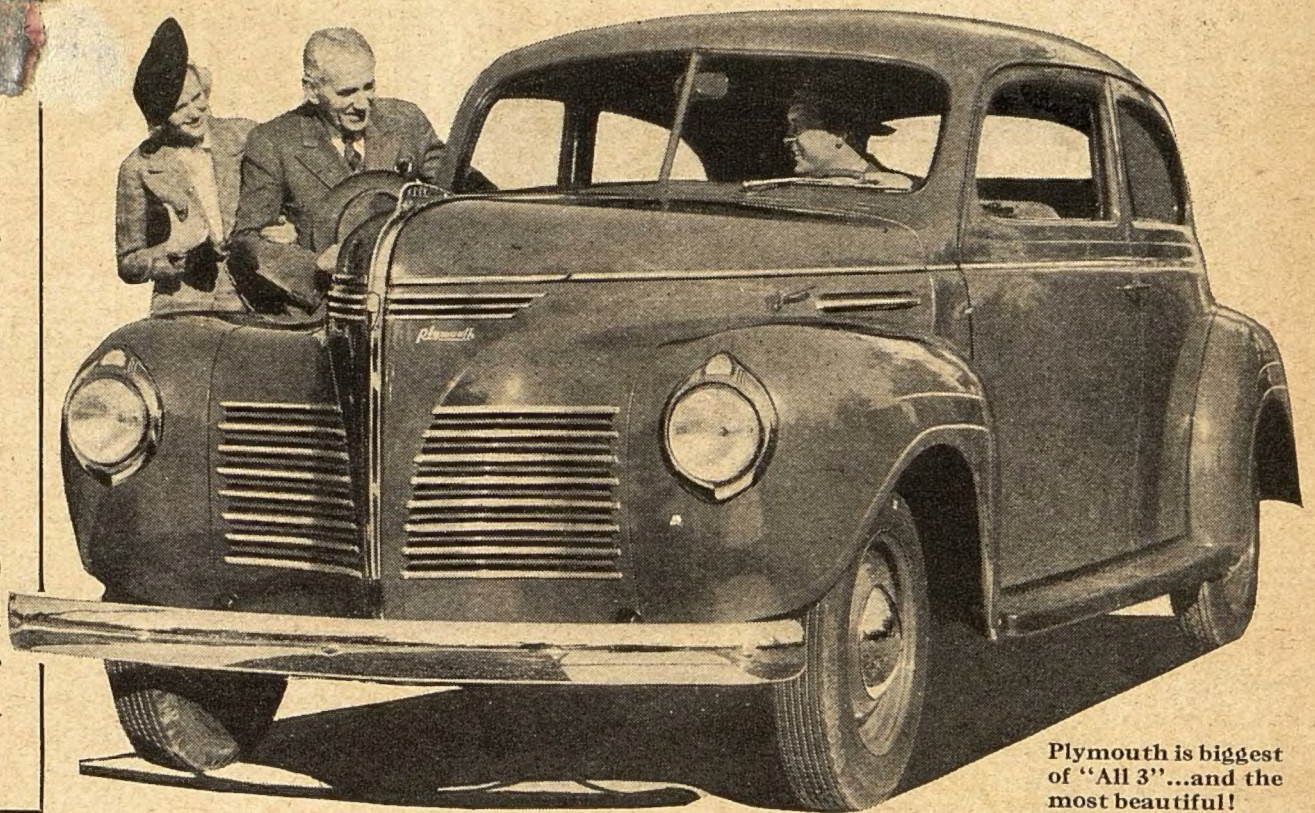
LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

Best Features, Best Ride —*Best Buy* of "All Three"

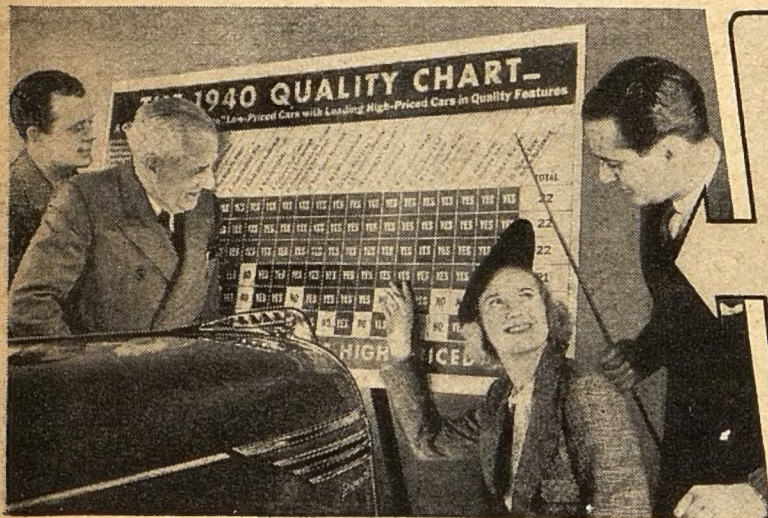
**NOW YOU CAN FIND
OUT WHAT EACH LOW-
PRICED CAR GIVES
FOR YOUR MONEY**

➔ **1.** See the 1940 Quality Chart...it compares "All 3" low-priced cars with the high-priced cars...shows you what each gives in size, luxury, and quality engineering features.

➔ **2.** Take the 1940 Plymouth's sensational Luxury Ride...you'll realize at once what extra quality means to you.

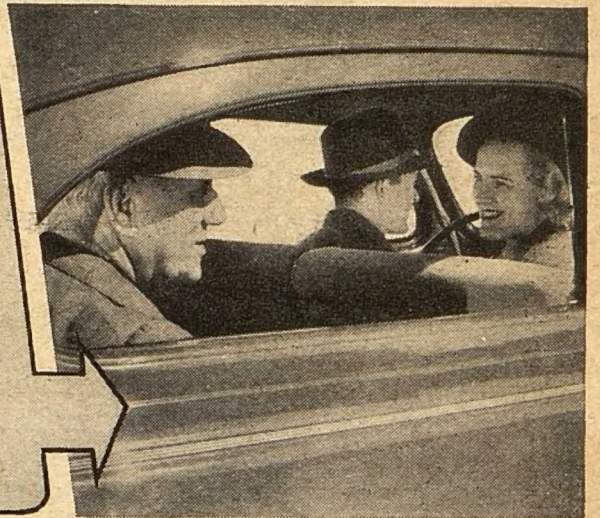


Plymouth is biggest of "All 3"...and the most beautiful!



YOU'LL BENEFIT FROM THIS
"ONE-TWO" COMPARISON

**1. SEE THE
QUALITY CHART**
—//—
**2. TAKE THE
LUXURY RIDE**



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS—

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

CAR VALUE can be measured! In easy "One-Two" order you can compare size, features, and riding comfort...and be sure to get your *best buy*!

The 1940 Quality Chart shows that Plymouth alone, of "All 3" low-priced cars, gives you a majority of the 22 big features found in *high-priced* cars.

Only Plymouth gives you a 117-inch

wheelbase with independent front coil springs on all models...a big, Floating Power engine that's *Superfinished* in vital parts for longer life.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

See the Low-Priced Plymouth Commercial Cars!

COUPES
START AT
\$645

SEDANS
START AT
\$699

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Price includes all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' HOUR,
C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE AMERICANISM



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

There are many patriotic organizations in this country and there is a great responsibility facing them which they should not neglect.

When lawmakers are told that they need not give any consideration to constitutional restrictions while considering the advisability of voting on new legislation, it is about time for our patriotic citizens to realize the menacing character of

the so-called New Deal.

In the next election we will probably have but two parties. They may be called Democrats and Republicans, but they will be known as New Deal and Anti-New Deal. Those who want to discard our Constitution, regulate governmental control by the varying demands of favored groups, leading directly to a dictatorship, similar to that in various foreign countries—they will vote for the New Deal.

Those who believe in Americanism, who are invested with the true spirit of patriotism, and who have the intelligence to appreciate the truly marvelous privileges we have enjoyed here as a nation for the last century and a half—they will vote to retain the principles set forth in our Constitution.

But, regardless of who may be elected in the next Presidential election, unless the citizens of this country realize the serious character of the present threat to our American system, we will soon be in the throes of a dictatorship not unlike Russia's, Germany's, and Italy's.

A democracy must have a certain dependable guide. Definite principles must be adhered to. Our Constitution, through the constant watchfulness of the United States Supreme Court, has upheld the principles that have been so valuable to us; but without taking the trouble to pass amendments, our Washington legislators have chosen to make laws, ignoring with blatant inconsistency the rules and regulations that should definitely guide them.

Our Constitution is a complicated document, but it is only necessary to quote a few brief paragraphs to give our citizens a clear understanding of some of our most important rights and privileges.

In Article 1 of our Constitution we are informed that "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States,

which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."

At the present time there are innumerable boards and commissions invested with legislative powers. They often become prosecutor, judge, and jury.

If Article 1 of the Constitution means anything it clearly indicates that the Congress of the United States should be the source of all laws. Officials of some of these legislative adjuncts, bureaus, etc., will say that they only make rules and regulations, which is just another name for laws.

All these various bodies, mostly created unlawfully by Congress, will slowly but surely develop a system of government that will rob us of all our liberties.

The patriotic organizations of this country should all band together and officials should carefully watch the activity of Congress. Whenever they learn a law is being considered that is clearly unconstitutional, every member of these organizations, totaling millions of our citizens, should have their attention called to this infringement, and an avalanche of letters and telegrams should go to senators and congressmen, protesting against the passage of such laws. Thousands, hundreds of thousands of these protests would soon awaken legislators to their sworn duties. Their oath of office definitely requires them to honor, respect, and uphold the Constitution, and they should be made by their constituents to adhere to their official oath.

And to give our readers a clear idea of some of our constitutional rights, we will again quote:

Article 5 of the Amendments: "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Article 14 of the Amendments: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges . . . of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

These represent unqualified rights which have been scandalously infringed by the present administration. Those who believe in Americanism should rise in their might against this menacing situation and smite the offenders.

Bernarr Macfadden

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ONLY ONE LOW PRICE CAR GIVES YOU THIS



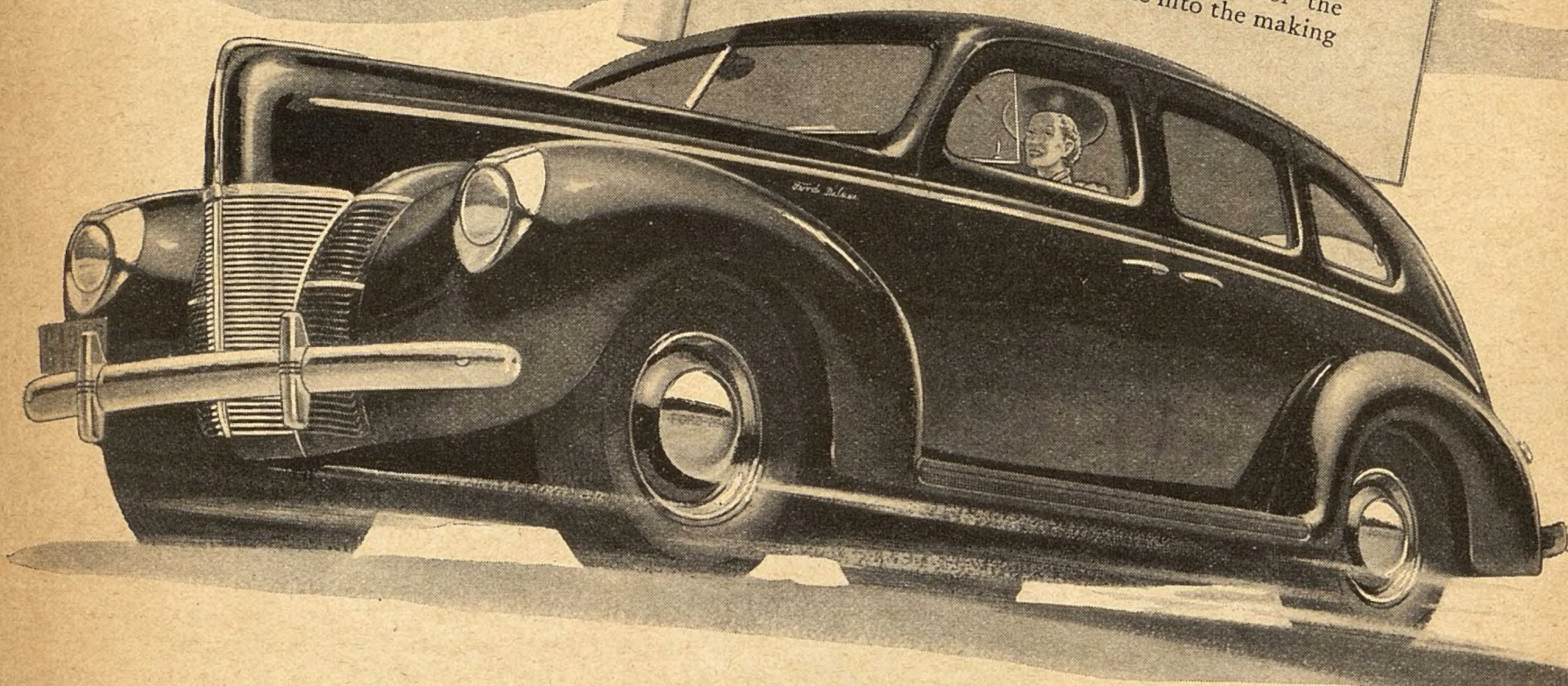
FORD V-8 INSTRUCTION BOOK You Don't Have to "Break-In" the Ford V-8

You can forget the tedious 500 or 1,000 mile breaking-in period with your new Ford. It is ready for normal driving immediately. You can drive it up to 60 miles an hour right from the start. After the first hundred miles you can drive it as fast as you desire.

This means that you can enjoy your Ford V-8 from the start—which is important particularly if you are thinking of taking a long trip—or if you use your car for business. You do not have to drag along at slow speeds.

The Ford V-8 needs no "breaking-in" because of unusual accuracy in the manufacture of moving parts and the smoothness of bearing surfaces. Clearances were correct when the car was delivered to you. The car does not need to depend on a long wearing-in period to eliminate tightness and insure smooth running.

Such precision methods are bound to result in longer life, greater economy and better performance. They are further proof of the care and quality that have gone into the making of your Ford V-8.



When FORD says they're ready—they ARE!

You don't have to baby your new Ford V-8 for 500 miles or so. The great engine in this car reports to you ready and rarin' to GO!

You can "give it the gun" the minute it arrives . . . head for the open road . . . feel the smooth sweep of power from

those *eight* eager cylinders.

No other car in the low-price field promises you such instant action!

No other car in the low-price field gives you *eight-cylinder* action!

And every inch of the big Ford V-8 car matches the extra

value and brilliant performance of its engine.

Beauty, style, safety, comfort, economy—every and any way you want to look at it—*here is the quality car in the low-price field!*

FORD V-8

STEP UP TO THE V-8 CLASS

The Greatest Refrigerator Values GENERAL ELECTRIC Ever Offered!

AT LOWEST PRICES IN G-E HISTORY!

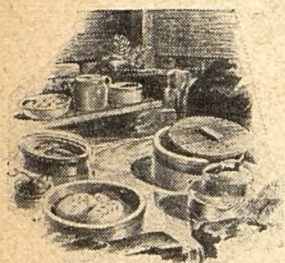
Beautifully Styled! Spacious Interiors! New Conveniences! And *CONDITIONED AIR!*

SEE the new 1940 G-E—the refrigerator with *Conditioned Air!* From General Electric's laboratories have come advancements that make this the most complete, the thriftiest G-E Refrigerator ever built! Yet G-E prices go even lower for 1940!

Big! Thrifty! Easy to Buy!

More beautiful styling, more spacious interiors, more wanted conveniences—*plus the famous General Electric Thrift Unit*—make these 1940 models the greatest G-E Refrigerator values ever offered. See them today at your G-E dealer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

CONDITIONED AIR!



KEEPS FOOD FRESH LONGER. Air sweet and clean like that in the old-fashioned spring house.



1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment automatically controls humidity for keeping meats better.



2. New Air-Filter freshens air, eliminates transfer of food odors. You can taste the difference.



3. New G-E Humi-Dial provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables.

HERE'S WHY *You'll Always Be Glad You Bought a G-E!*

CONDITIONED AIR! Controlled temperature, humidity, and circulation of freshened air.

SELECTIVE STORAGE. All four needed zones—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; General Storage.

STAINLESS STEEL Super-Freezer and **STAINLESS STEEL** Sliding Shelves! Easy releasing, fast freezing Quick Trays.

SEALED-IN-STEEL G-E THRIFT UNIT. Famous for quiet, low-cost operation and enduring economy.

A Statement by the General Electric Company

We believe the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered—one that will cost less to own than any other refrigerator you can buy at any price.

AMERICA'S FINEST!



SEE G-E
THAT'S THE BUY!

The New G-E Refrigerator provides low, fast freezing temperatures, and gives you what G-E engineers have found to be the most convenient, most practical low-cost method of food preservation ever developed.

"Research Keeps G-E Years Ahead!"

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

WHEN GOERING WAS IN A MADHOUSE



Left: Nazi Number Two at the time of his illness. Above: With his keeper at Langbro Psychopathic Hospital. Lower left: His family doctor certifies Goering as a morphine victim and his first wife as an epileptic.

*At Kaptenen Göring lider af morfinitom och
och hans hustru Carin Göring, född friherrinna
Fock, lider af Epilepsi och att därför deras barn
skulle anses olämpligt för hennes son Thomas
Kantzen, intygare Stockholm 16 April 1926
Karl A. R. Lundberg
leg. läk.*

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BY LEONARD CLAIRMONT

FOR many years I have known that Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Field Marshal of Nazi Germany and Adolf Hitler's right-hand man, has spent considerable time in various insane asylums in Sweden, but my interest in the matter never reached beyond the point of passing it off as an unimportant incident. But a much keener interest was finally aroused in me when I found his name in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and under it the following item:

"Wounded in the Munich Putsch (November, 1923) he took refuge in Italy, returning in 1927."

The real truth is that Hermann Goering, after a successful flight from the very unsuccessful coup in Munich, took refuge with his wife's relatives in Sweden, particularly her brother-in-law, Count von Rosen, who owned a large estate in the southern part of the country. The wounded Nazi leader was at that time married to Baroness Carin Fock from Stock-

holm, whom he had wedded during his earlier stay in Sweden, where he served some time in civil aviation—long before he associated himself with Führer Hitler and became organizer and leader of the S. A.

Goering's in-laws in Sweden took him under their protecting wing, only later to be faced with the serious problem of turning him over to an institution for mentally deranged because of excessive use of narcotics. His time spent in one asylum after another in an endless quest for cure is therefore known—in his official biography—as his "Italian vacation." Another version is that Hitler smuggled him over the Austrian frontier to Innsbruck. The true facts are covered up with much secrecy and diplomacy, and the moment something of Goering's records of a shameful past leak out, the Nazi government is there to brand it as "utterly false." You know the old phrase. But official Swedish documents are not to be tampered with. Facts are facts, and all Hermann Goering has been able to do is to keep these facts from the rest of the world and trust his luck. Well aware of the neutral attitude of the whole Scandinavian race, he apparently figures that their officials are not purposely going to open their files for a news-hungry world. But time marches on—and all Swedes are not alike.

The reader may well ask: How in the world did the writer of this article ever find out so much about the past life of the Number Two Nazi? This is the way it came about.

April 22, 1926, the case of Goering

Facts!—A strange revelation out of the past of Germany's Nazi Crown Prince

Hemortsrätt: *Tryck mörkare* 138 Bet 8

LIBERTY.

For all Americans . . . A thought provoking look at a tragedy in the making

BY FULTON LEWIS, JR.

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AMERICANS are emotionally responsive to the sentiment of a name. Consider "the American Youth Congress." There's appeal in that. It conjures up a picture that you believe because you want to—a picture of young America consciously on the threshold of democratic responsibility and eager to begin its apprenticeship.

Which may account for things that happened in Washington on the weekend of Lincoln's Birthday.

Last fall the Dies Committee had splattered that same appealing name into headlines the nation over, with such ugly labels as "Communist front" and "tool of the Reds." The committee had the word of Communist leader Earl Browder, who claimed the Congress as a "transmission belt" of Communism, also testimony from ex-leaders of the Congress.

To tolerant minds, this was all very upsetting. Here was a confederation of some sixty-three nation-wide youth organizations, most of them highly reputable and long established—the Y. W. C. A., for example, and church organizations. True, there were also the Young Communist League and other known Communist groups. But a drop of cream in a cup of coffee does not make it a cup of cream; and when the Dies Committee subpoenaed the head of the Youth Congress, Joseph Cadden, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt volunteered for the defense.

When Mr. Cadden appeared, she was at his elbow; she helped him and his companions plan their testimony; she dined them at the White House. In short, she gave personal sponsorship, and it had notable effect.

It's easy to like this young man Cadden. He impresses you as being sincere. He said his Youth Congress was not Communistic nor Communist-dominated. It was merely a forum of four and a half million American youths whose noses are crushed against a stone wall of reality, since youth, getting out of school, cannot find a job.

He conceded that his Congress had no solution, as yet; that was the reason for its existence. But he said it offered at least a stopgap—the national Youth Act: \$500,000,000 a year from Congress to provide Public Works jobs, financial help for students, vocational training.

It's something of a stretch to call that Communism. A majority of the Dies Committee overruled Mr. Dies himself, and its official report was



Mrs. Roosevelt and Cadden talk it over. With them are Mrs. Mildred Hollingsworth and the President's mother.

Has the **YOUTH CONGRESS** *washed itself out?*

that the Congress was not Communistic, though it did include Communist groups.

With the impetus of that vindication, the Youth Congress decided to hold a national conclave in Washington on the Lincoln's birthday weekend. Officially, this conclave was the "Youth Congress Institute of Citizenship." The sessions were open to any individual in any member organization. Young Mr. Cadden had expected

about 300. The actual registration was 5,130.

Housing was a problem. Mrs. Roosevelt provided rooms for ten at the White House, and prevailed upon Cabinet members and government officials in general to put up many more. The army housed a large number at Fort Myer, Virginia. When even that proved insufficient, she prevailed upon Washington hotels to provide rooms at one dollar a night.



Mrs. Roosevelt before the mass meeting that hissed her.

She got government auditoriums provided for the meetings. She even gave her protégés an all-time de luxe opportunity to do lobbying from the White House itself. Members of Congress were invited there to meet the leaders of the Youth Congress and exchange views with them before the regular sessions convened. John D. M. Hamilton, Republican National chairman, wrote an open letter to all Republican senators and representatives, advising them not to do this. It looked like a stupid move on his part, a blind brutal proof that Republican leadership did not sympathize with the problems of young America.

Friday the main horde poured into Washington, and the first meeting was Friday night. It was not exactly the picture that imagination had conjured up. There was a soapbox aspect. The vast majority of names were Polish or Russian. Young Cadden said afterward that about 1,900 of the visitors came from New York. Other officials said it was close to 4,500.

THERE were two great themes of conversation: "We refuse to take part in any war," and "We demand immediate passage of the Youth Act." And there was an almost uniform lament for "the poor brave democracy of Russia, brutally invaded by the greedy capitalistic dictatorship of Finland." The first time you heard that you looked for a grin. By the twentieth time, you realized it was serious. If you suggested that those were not the facts, the reply was, "You've been reading the lies of the capitalistic press."

One young girl from Brooklyn, who said she was graduated last year from New York University, told me that she disapproves of the New Deal because it has patched up the capitalistic system sufficiently to "keep the ——— thing alive." "Except for Roosevelt," she said, "capitalism would have collapsed, and we now would have justice for the masses."

The opening session came on Friday night, a "Lincoln Memorial Meeting." It was hardly under way when a young man demanded a resolution disavowing Communism and censuring Russia for invading Finland. Bedlam was instantaneous. The chairman ruled him out of order; there was a menacing howl of "Throw him out!" And they did.

Altogether, the Youth Congress champions — except for unflagging Mrs. Roosevelt — began to have their doubts about its guiltlessness of Communism, which she had, in effect, guaranteed.

Next morning, Saturday, the Congress paraded to the White House to hear the President. They swarmed the south lawn in a misty drizzle. He spoke from the south portico.

I've covered him on many speeches, but I've never known him to try so arduously to be ingratiating. His attitude was counseling and kindly. He spoke of their obligations to American principles. He told them not to

expect Utopia overnight, with a government handout and a high-priced job of their own choosing.

Their response was sullen silence.

Then he mentioned that the New York local council of the Youth Congress had gone on record as opposing an American loan to Finland as an "attempt to force America into an imperialistic war." A wild cheer of approval went up. But he continued: "That reasoning is unadulterated twaddle, sincere, perhaps, but based on ninety per cent ignorance."

It seemed to stagger them for a moment. Then—

"Hiss-ss-ss-ss-ss!"

Later that day I suggested to several of the youths that perhaps it was a little indelicate to hiss the President of the United States, particularly in his own "back yard." Four of them flung back: "What do you mean, his? That lawn belongs to us!" Cadden told me that the President's speech was "provocative."

Sunday evening Mrs. Roosevelt drew her reward. There was a huge mass meeting, in which she agreed to answer questions from the floor. Her young cousin, Archibald Roosevelt, Jr., asked if she thought the Youth Congress shouldn't pass a resolution condemning Russia for the attack on Finland.

"Not unless you really believe it," she said, "but I think many of you do not fully understand the facts of the situation."

And again came the stinging "hiss-ss-ss-ss"—this time for her.

Two Columbia University students told me they saw nothing for criticism in it. They said, "Do we have to pay for her help by subscribing to what she says?"

Next day the delegates flocked to the Capitol and filled the galleries of the House. Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan, an opponent of the C. I. O., took the floor. From the galleries came a hiss for him, and this one was not scattered; it was general. Acting Speaker Sam Rayburn's gavel crashed. "This is one place where we *will* have order!" he roared. One more such demonstration, and he would order the galleries cleared.

After that, they behaved better.

LATER in the afternoon they started for home cities. The ultra-liberal columnist Ernest Lindley, who had been almost a crusader in support of the Youth Congress and had led in commending Mrs. Roosevelt, now wrote: "They have washed themselves out. It is doubtful whether even Mrs. Roosevelt could obtain a hearing of their case [in public opinion] after their performance here."

That group did not represent American youth. Possibly not even the American Youth Congress. But they did more in three days to prove the Dies Committee charges against the organization than Chairman Dies and all of his investigators and witnesses and experts had been able to do in two and a half years.

THE END

THE BY HERBERT DALMAS

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HORACE DODD stood in line at the stamp window, looking at an army recruiting poster and thinking half about that and half about something else. This habit of dwelling on two things at once was not entirely new with Horace, and it had given a distant look to his face—as if he were always just going into or coming out of a trance. On this occasion, a blustery afternoon in March, his expression was more remote than usual. He was in the post office to mail one hundred and seventy-seven invitations to his own wedding, and it had just occurred to him that he didn't want to get married.

Furthermore, now that he thought about it, he was at a loss to explain how things had gone as far as they had. This is a common experience of men approaching their wedding day, but it was new to Horace and he didn't like it. He didn't like it because, for one thing, he saw now that somewhere along the way the management of his life had passed out of his hands into the graceful, crimson-tipped hands of Diana Dubreen.

As he rose, Horace patted



Face IS FAMILIAR

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

He wasn't angry with Diana, though, because Diana was quite nice and he was willing to concede that he had had something to do with it. Looking back on the last few months, he supposed he'd said some pretty rash things. Well, there was a magic about Diana—magic in her black hair and blue eyes, in what she did to a simple sports frock, for instance, just by being inside it. Given the right circumstances, a man might say nearly anything. But that was no sign that he wasn't able to run his own life.

Before Diana, he had had a definite enough goal and was progressing toward it. He was working in a broker's office and saving to establish an investment service of his own.

But after Diana, his ambitions were scrapped and he was given a new set, ready-made. Diana had engineered the job in her father's bank, and Horace had taken it. The job turned out to be one cut above chain-gang labor—carrying papers from place to place, running errands outside, bringing lunch in for stenog-

raphers too busy to go out for it. For this Mr. Dubreen begrudged him twenty dollars a week.

There you had the real nub of the whole thing. Mr. Dubreen didn't bother to conceal his low opinion of his future son-in-law, and that naturally got Horace down. For a moment, as he looked at the poster, Horace thought of enlisting. But that would be running away, and you had to get up at six in the army. No; what he wanted to do was take a crack at J. J. Dubreen. Not physically, but something in the nature of a battle of wits in the lists of finance, with his mocker crying mercy in the end. Or some spectacular deed of courage and ingenuity which would leave Mr. Dubreen awed and respectful.

However, to realize such dreams,

you need the co-operation of fate. Deeds of great prowess are called forth by just the right situation; for a financial coup you have to have a certain amount of capital. Five thousand dollars was a nice sum.

The figure came to his mind because he had stopped looking at the army poster and was now gazing at the placard next to it on the bulletin board, and that placard had \$5,000 at the top in large, arresting type. Horace stared at this entranced, and presently he left the line and walked toward it.

From beneath the reward figure a young, bold face smiled insolently out at him. This, so the placard said, was Harry Martin, alias your choice of seven other names, who on March 1 had stuck up a mail car somewhere in Iowa, killed the clerk on duty, and

G-man for a day! The blithe, surprising story of a shy young lover's adventure

and kindly. This gesture was observed with displeasure by Diana, who had just entered and was standing at the door.



made off with a registered mail sack containing a large sum in negotiable securities. He was five feet ten, thickset, with dark wavy hair and green eyes. "Martin," the description finished bloodthirstily, "is a killer. He habitually carries a gun and does not hesitate to use it." Any one who knew where this desperado could be found had only to notify the nearest United States marshal to become eligible for the reward.

A sudden chill rippled down Horace's spine as he realized that he had seen this face before. He had seen it, in fact, sometime during the previous day.

His first impulse was to hurry to the marshal, whose office was right there in the building, and tell him the news. But the marshal would want to know where Horace had seen Martin, and Horace couldn't remember. Yesterday had been busy with errands for the bank, and whether that face had imprinted itself on his subconscious mind in some one's office, or in a restaurant or a bus or on the street, Horace could not recall.

But there was a way. He could go home and concentrate on it.

He didn't spend the usual evening at Diana's house, and he didn't call her to say why. He was on the trail of something big and was feeling independent. As the hour grew late Diana became worried, but her father said he wasn't surprised.

"That feller's a deep one," he said with heavy jocularly. "He's probably run off with some chorus girl."

DIANA didn't answer. She was a sensible girl, as capable as she was charming, and she loved Horace very much. She didn't think he was dumb—just helpless, the way men are. To such a remark as her father's she would ordinarily have made a crisp rejoinder. But Mr. Dubreen was going to finance the wedding trip and didn't know it yet, so she thought he might as well have his fun while he could.

"He's a beagle," Mr. Dubreen said. "He looks and acts like it. No more spirit than a beagle."

John Joseph Dubreen had his own definition of spirit. He was a large man with high blood pressure and not enough principles to be a burden. He looked like an 1890 cartoon of The Trusts, and though by no means athletic he had built up an impressive fortune by playing ball with the right people. Mostly he played with Willard Snell, the boss of Glenrose County, and in the past twenty years they had pulled many a fast and profitable deal together. Even the reform movements that had come and gone had failed to touch them.

Ever since Diana had been born he had dreamed of a son-in-law who would carry on after him. A young man smart enough to know that success lies in what other people can't prove; a man who would some day fill the president's chair at the Glenrose National Bank as he now filled it.

But this jelly-spined Dodd! He grunted disdainfully.

"Beagle!" he muttered, rustling his paper again.

Horace spent a long night thrashing wide-eyed about his bed, but by morning he was no nearer remembering where he had seen Harry Martin on March 10. He decided the only thing to be done was to retrace every step he had taken that day, until he either saw Martin again or found the surroundings that fitted the face.

It wouldn't do, though, to have Martin recognize *him*; so he put on a pair of dark glasses and pulled his hatbrim over his eyes.

HE stopped first at the soda fountain where he usually had breakfast. He didn't eat; he merely stood to one side and watched, spoiling the appetites of those who saw him and causing the proprietor to wonder if certain exemptions he had just noted on his income-tax return were being investigated. One of the clerks, finding Horace's blank gaze upon him, nervously rang up a quarter he had held out on an early sale.

Fifteen minutes were enough to convince him that the trail was dim here, so he went next to the office of a lawyer named Peters, where on the morning of the 10th he had delivered some papers.

As he opened the door to Mr. Peters' anteroom he had an inexplicable feeling that the scent was growing warmer. A glance showed him that the secretary was alone; so he answered her polite inquiries as to his wishes with the statement that he was waiting for some one, and sat down.

For three quarters of an hour nothing more was said. People came in, transacted their business, and left. Horace examined them keenly, but otherwise made no move, simply sitting there, looking idly at the secretary, and thinking how he would like to run the five thousand up to a half million or so and crush Mr. Dubreen.

The secretary was a comely girl, and liked to have men look at her if they came out into the open about it; but this flat, empty stare upset her.

She tried to ignore it, but it was no use. After a while she began to slap papers around her desk and bang pencils and things in growing resentment. Finally, Horace saying nothing, she surreptitiously called her girl friend on the phone and said in a low voice that she wouldn't be able to get away for the fashion show that afternoon. The friend said, hadn't she even *tried* saying she was sick, as they had agreed? And the secretary whispered that she was being watched and would explain later. Then she hung up and glared at Horace.

Shortly after this Mr. Peters stepped out of his private office. He recognized Horace, of course; but Horace, not wishing to explain why he was there, lowered his head and pretended not to see him. Mr. Peters

looked inquiringly at his secretary, who was furious about the fashion show and practically snubbed him. He hurried back to his desk and called Mr. Dubreen.

"Listen," he said. "That son-in-law of yours—"

"He's not my son-in-law yet," Mr. Dubreen interrupted testily. "Don't taunt me with it till after the wedding."

"All right," said Mr. Peters; "but what's he doing here?"

"Oh, so that's where he is," Mr. Dubreen said. "What's he doing there?"

Mr. Peters said, "He's wearing dark glasses. He doesn't want to be recognized; that's plain enough. He doesn't say anything. He just sits there, watching. Look, J. J., he couldn't be in with this reform gang, could he?"

Mr. Dubreen snorted.

"He doesn't know enough to break an egg," he said. "He a beagle. I've always said so."

"Well, maybe," Mr. Peters assented skeptically. "But, if you ask me, I think we're being watched. And with my nomination for D. A. coming up this year, I don't want to take any chances."

"Keep calm," Mr. Dubreen reassured him. "If it'll make you feel any better, keep an eye on him and let me know what he does. I'll take care of him."

He hung up and sat frowning a moment. Then his face cleared. Peters was just nervous. This deal they had on the fire with Willard Snell—some land in a large estate managed by Peters, mortgaged by the bank, and involving some federal funds controlled by Snell—was airtight. Peters was new to this sort of thing; that was all.

Horace finally decided with some reluctance to try the next place on his itinerary. He had hoped that the lawyer would turn out to be Martin's mouthpiece, but after a couple of hours he began to have doubts.

SUDDENLY the answer to the riddle seemed to flood over him in a blaze of light. Marino's restaurant! He had lunched there on the 10th, and he could almost see Martin in the place now.

He started from his chair and was out the door as if operated by cunningly concealed springs. Mr. Peters, his eye to the keyhole of his private door, saw him go, and went out to instruct the secretary to follow him and report back concerning his movements.

At Marino's, Horace sat down unobtrusively in a corner, followed at ten yards by the secretary. He had just finished a preliminary survey of the other patrons—causing a bald-headed man who was lunching platonically with his stenographer to rush out in a panic, under the impression that his wife was having him shadowed—when he turned his attention to the bar. A man sipping gin was gossiping with the bartender.

This man was about five feet ten, thickset, with dark wavy hair. His face was young and bold, and his smile was the insolent killer's grin that was now indelibly fixed in Horace's mind.

"Harry Martin!" he exclaimed under his breath.

"Sir?" said the waitress who had come to take his order.

Horace didn't answer. His mind was racing like a runaway metronome between two courses of action. Should he take Martin right there, singlehanded, in front of the crowd, or should he play it safe and call the marshal? There was glory in the first plan, but since Martin carried a gun and he didn't, there was probably also death.

Horace's concentration on the problem was giving his manner an intensity too terrific to be missed by any one in sight, least of all the waitress. She was a romantic girl named Florence, whose friends insisted that she looked like Anne Sheridan, and when she saw what Horace was looking at she became instantly alert.

The man at the bar she knew as Ben Tragano, and she was madly in love with him because of his hot Latin eyes and the way he treated a girl as if she were dirt under his feet. She had always suspected him of thrilling underworld connections, and now she was sure of it. This man at her table was plainly either another gangdom big shot or a detective. Honest folk didn't go around wearing dark glasses in public unless they were Robert Taylor or something.

As soon as she had worried Horace's order out of him, she hurried to Ben and told him he was being watched.

MR. PETERS' secretary had missed none of this. She telephoned her boss that Horace had just spent a long time in inaudible conference with a woman purporting to be a waitress and had sent a message by her to a man at the bar. Mr. Peters, now perspiring freely, relayed this information to Mr. Dubreen.

"And listen, J. J.," he said. "As far as I'm concerned, this deal is off. What's he doing at Marino's, meeting other operatives, if he doesn't know we were planning to see Snell there later?"

"Take it easy," J. J. counseled.

"If they've got private detectives among the waitresses at Marino's," Mr. Peters went on in an overwrought manner, "they've probably got them all over. It's federal funds we're fooling with. Don't forget that."

"All right, all right," Mr. Dubreen soothed. "Leave it all to me."

He hung up, feeling far from calm. To find out what it was all about, he called the restaurant and, identifying Horace by the dark glasses, requested that he be put on the wire. As Horace went to the booth, Ben Tragano followed unobtrusively and placed his ear against the rear wall

to see if he could find out why he was being tailed. He was interested to hear Horace's first words, which were, "Oh, hello, Mr. Dubreen." Horace said them coldly.

Mr. Dubreen apparently then had a good deal to say. His voice, crackling in the receiver, could be heard by Ben through the thin wall.

Then Horace said, "Why, yes, Mr. Dubreen. I'll tell you why I'm not at work. I'm doing something else. And you won't fire me, either—now or ever. Because I resign. Furthermore," he added crisply, "I advise you not to miss tomorrow morning's paper. There'll be something in it that you and this town won't forget in a hurry."

Mr. Dubreen let the phone fall weakly back on the stand.

Horace stepped out of the phone booth, feeling fine. He suffered a



HERBERT DALMAS
was born thirty-eight years ago outside of Philadelphia. Played championship football in preparatory school and college until he suffered a knee injury. He was editor of his school paper. Besides writing short stories, he is a teacher of English at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

slight shock, however, when he caught sight of Ben Tragano out of the corner of his eye and realized that the latter had been listening in. So Martin knew the chase was on, did he? Well, that merely meant a battle of wits, and Horace didn't shrink from the challenge.

Of course, telephoning the marshal was now out of the question. And he hesitated to leave, for fear the quarry would escape.

He went back to his table and, well screened by the glasses, kept his eye on his man and concentrated on finding a way out. It was during this that he recognized Mr. Peters' secretary sitting not far away and realized that she presented the solution to everything. If he could write a note and get it to her, she could take it to the marshal.

He flashed her a meaning look and wrote the note. Then he tried to indicate, by a series of facial spasms and nods and becks and wreathed smiles, that he wanted her to take it.

The secretary had her standards, and while she had no objection to a bit of shadowing for her boss, she didn't intend to be insulted like this in public. She rose coldly and went out. If anybody dared suggest that she pay for her half-eaten meal, she'd tell him a few things. She felt perfectly justified, under the circumstances, in going to the fashion show after all.

Horace watched her go with regret at first, but then he saw that he was lucky. It confirmed his earlier suspicion that Peters was Martin's hireling, and he felt that he had escaped a trap.

Now, the man known in Marino's

as Ben Tragano had watched all this and had put two and two together. He was currently in the employ of Willard Snell as the latter's bodyguard. Snell was at the moment in a private dining room conferring, and Ben went to him. He told the story of the deadpan bird in black glasses who had been watching him. He told of Horace's ominous statement to Mr. Dubreen, and added that he had given some kind of signal to a respectable-looking dame at a table near him, after which she had left quickly without finishing her lunch.

SNELL immediately called Mr. Dubreen, and found out who Horace was and how much he knew.

Twenty-four hours ago Mr. Dubreen would have replied that Horace knew nothing—or at least not more than the average beagle; but now he wasn't sure, and said so.

Snell asked what Dubreen knew about Horace, and Mr. Dubreen said he knew him very well, since Diana had met him about ten months ago and had become engaged to him.

"Ten months!" Snell exclaimed. "This reform organization's been loaded for bear for more than a year now. It would have been a smart trick to have this fellow worm his way into your family and get the dope on us from the inside."

"For heaven's sake, Willard!" protested Mr. Dubreen impatiently. "You're making too much of this thing. What if somebody does get the dope? It isn't as if we were stealing anything. We happen to have the inside track to some property we can get cheap, and we know we can dispose of it at a profit. There's nothing illegal in that, is there?"

"Maybe not," said Snell. "But that reform party isn't going to worry about the letter of the law if they can get something on us, and you know it. You can count me out. If this son-in-law of yours spills anything, you'll take the rap alone, remember that."

Mr. Dubreen was too beaten this time even to protest about Horace's being called his son-in-law prematurely. He sat back in his chair and told himself flatly that this couldn't be happening. It wasn't possible.

But then he thought of Horace's baleful admonition not to miss the paper the next day. "Something in it that you and this town won't forget in a hurry." Mr. Dubreen was forced to conclude that, taken with everything else that had happened, that could mean only one thing.

But after he had considered the situation for a while he seemed to relax. At last he even smiled.

After all, wasn't this exactly what he had yearned for so achingly? A son-in-law who could outsmart the opposition? Horace had done a job distinguished by perfect timing at every step. Why, properly handled, there was no telling how far a boy like that might go!

Mr. Dubreen operated on the sound theory that the only way to

handle a formidable threat, if you couldn't beat it, was to buy it. Hoping that young love was as strong as rumored, he called his daughter, and gradually led the conversation around to Horace.

Then he made an opening to say, "If in the past, my dear, I may have called him a beagle—"

"He's not a beagle," Diana interrupted. "He's a downy white duck."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Mr. Dubreen agreed. "The finest type of young man."

Diana took this in silence.

Then she said, "You sound as if you were trying to get something out of me. Are you?"

"Well, in a way," he admitted. "I'd like you to do something for me."

"What do I get?" Diana demanded promptly.

J. J. Dubreen smiled fondly at the mouthpiece. A chip off the old block.

"I thought of a mink coat," he said.

"All right," she accepted instantly. "I sort of wanted to go to Buenos Aires on our honeymoon, though, and Horace can't afford it on what you've been paying him."

"You shall go," he said warmly. "In the best suite on the boat."

Diana said nothing. She was impressed.

"And in return," he went on, "I want you to go down to Marino's and talk to Horace. He's there now. He's got some funny idea about resigning, and I want him back. Tell him I've just been testing him up till now. I want him to come back as assistant cashier, and work into my place by the time I retire. There will be an immediate salary adjustment."

Diana was interested. Obviously, father was in some colossal spot, and apparently she, through Horace, held the upper hand. It was an opportunity such as came infrequently in a girl's life.

"Well, I don't know," she said.

But her father wasn't new at this sort of thing.

"Think it over," he suggested.

"At the moment Horace appears to be rather intimate with a very attractive girl there who is masquerading as a waitress."

Diana hung up hastily.

IN the meantime, things at Marino's had been stalemated for quite a while. Horace, toying casually with his fourth cup of coffee, was beginning to feel restive. He was no nearer solving how to get word to the marshal than he had been when he sat down.

When it looked as if it might go on that way all afternoon, he saw his prey sit down at a table and order lunch. He summoned his waitress.

"See that man?" he said, nodding.

"Ben Tragano?" Florence said.

"Never mind what he calls himself here," Horace said. "I want you to do something for me."

He turned his eyes upon her, and she looked at him, fascinated. On ac-

count of the dark glasses, she couldn't be sure whether he was looking at her or not.

"Keep him here for half an hour somehow," he said. "Will you?"

Unable to take her eyes from him or speak, she nodded. As he rose, Horace patted her hand kindly.

This gesture was observed with displeasure by Diana, who had just entered and was standing at the door.

Keeping his eyes unwaveringly on the desperado, who really seemed to be absorbed in lunch, Horace backed toward the street. He dodged from table to table, always keeping something between him and any possible gunplay. He was taking no chances.

His attention was distracted momentarily when he saw Diana.

"Horace," she demanded, "who is that girl?"

"Have you a car?" he asked swiftly. Looking over his shoulder, he saw that she had.

"Quick!" he said, and leaped toward it.

Diana followed, provoked at this evasion of her question. Horace slipped behind the wheel. She had just time to get in as he slammed the gears into place and roared off down the street.

She tried to speak once or twice again, but there were no results. This grim, silent man was not her downy white duck, and while the change mystified her, she was also enthralled.

HE finally stopped at the post office, and with a last show of spirit she said, "May I ask why we're stopping here?"

"I'm stopping here," he corrected her. "You may go on if you wish. I have some business with the United States marshal."

Openmouthed, Diana watched him stride into the building. Then she recalled her conversation with her father, and something told her that he would want to know about this.

He did. In five minutes, trying not to think of what United States marshals did to people who fooled around with federal funds, he was panting at the post office. Horace was just coming downstairs from the marshal's office. Telling Diana to wait, Mr. Dubreen jumped forward down the corridor.

Horace was staring before him in a manner indicating profound shock, and the last person he wanted to see was Mr. Dubreen. The latter, however, mistaking this expression for a noncommittal mask, fastened onto him and spoke rapidly with great force and conviction about augmented salaries and important positions at the bank.

Horace listened for a while, and then looked at him suspiciously. He knew Mr. Dubreen wasn't one to horse around; on the other hand, until now the banker had treated him like something he had picked up at Dollar Day in a slave market. He concluded that the man was insane and stepped back out of reach.

Mr. Dubreen sprang after him. Seeing the futility of pure logic, he shifted his ground and attacked from the sentimental angle.

"Horace," he pleaded emotionally, "this is your father speaking."

This brought Horace's mind back to the subject of marriage, and he recalled with an involuntary start that he hadn't mailed those invitations yet. He recovered himself, and looked around to see if anybody wanted to make anything of it. He saw Diana in the background. She was looking at him, and she didn't seem to see anything unusual in the present situation.

DIANA'S hat and something in the general tone of her dress suggested a picture from Godey's Lady's Book, although the dress was far too short and the hat much too cockeyed to be anything but 1940. The combination hinted somehow that she was waiting submissively for his command but that there wasn't much else in the world she *would* wait for.

Mr. Dubreen was saying that, even though the wedding had yet to take place, he had looked upon Horace as a son for some time.

Horace didn't know how this miracle had come about, but he couldn't see that it mattered. He could speculate at leisure as to the cause of Mr. Dubreen's change of manner, which was now approaching the servile, but in the meantime it would be well to act.

"Is this on the level?" he asked.

"Yes, Horace!" Mr. Dubreen said fervently.

"What guaranty do I have?" Horace demanded.

It was a question Mr. Dubreen would have asked himself in a like situation.

"Diana is a witness," he said. "But I'll put it in writing if you say so."

Horace looked at Diana with fond approval. That was the way for a wife to act. He made a mental note to mail the invitations that very day.

"Well," he said to Mr. Dubreen, taking care not to sound too enthusiastic, "all right, then."

Mr. Dubreen clapped him on the back and mopped his brow with relief.

"Thank— I mean, splendid!" he said. "Now you can tell the marshal it was all a mistake, can't you?"

Intuition warned Horace against discussing this point, so he merely nodded. He didn't, of course, have to tell the marshal any such thing. The marshal had just told him. Harry Martin had been captured the day before in New Mexico.

Horace glanced over to where Martin's face still grinned at him from the handbill. Then, like a blow, came the memory, clear and this time unmistakable, of where he had seen Martin's face on the 10th. He had come to the post office to buy stamps for the bank, and had stood staring at it right there on the bulletin board.

THE END



I was a

HITLER AGENT

IN THE U.S.A.

Reds aiding Nazis in New York . . A five-year-old link with Russia!—Here are amazing disclosures

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

I went and called Kappe. He had the same information. Something was up.

BY

JOACHIM F. PAFFRATH

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The author of these confessions says he is expecting at any time, from the Gestapo, a final warning to kill himself as a traitor, since he has told the whole story of his service as a Hitler agent to a United States government agency.

He was born in 1903 at Marburg, Germany. The World War left him fatherless and his family impoverished. He became an apprentice at the Krupp Works and joined the nationalistic Jungdo. As leader of its Mettmann branch, he was one of those who drew lots before the murder of Rathenau, the Jewish Foreign Minister. Later he took part in breaking strikes, running contraband, and combating Communism in Poland and Finland.

At a nationalist rally in Gotha, he and friends of his heard one Hitler orate for the first time. Impressed, they made their way to Munich. Hitler had them inducted into his Nazi Party. They joined the Reichswehr and helped in wangling arms and ammunition.

Paffrath took part in the abortive Munich Beer Putsch of 1923. Escaping after its failure, he fled to the United States. He got a job, enrolled in a night school, brought over his mother and brothers, took out first citizenship papers. But "the virus of adventure" drove him for a while to Nicaragua. Returning, he corresponded with Nazi comrades in Germany and learned the whereabouts of other Nazis in this country. In 1932, he says, there were only seven of them over here, including himself and his best friend, Walter Kappe, and a professor at Yale.

The following year Hitler marched to power in Germany, and Kappe cabled him that the seven were at his disposal. They received telegrams directing them to identify themselves at the North German Lloyd Line's New York offices. There they found that the head Nazi in the United States was Heinz Spanknoebel, under whose instructions they began building up a propaganda machine. It grew fast. Paffrath headed a unit of it.

Nazi agents were pouring into the country, and Spanknoebel was planning to have them gain control of its old German societies. He thought he could take over the Ridders' German-language newspapers simply by telling the Ridders to get out. He talked of bringing over Bunaste killers to start a reign of terror among New York City's Jews.

There was no persuading Spanknoebel that these notions of his were fatally fantastic.

PART TWO—VOICE FROM MOSCOW, WORDS FROM BERLIN

HEINZ SPANKNOEBEL'S career as Nazi organizer in the United States was short-lived. Frankly, we double-crossed him ourselves. We wrote secret reports to Nazi officials in Germany, protesting against his actions. These protests were ignored.

In the fall of 1933, with our help, he accomplished his own overthrow.

German Day in New York City came in October. Before we had begun to spread the seeds of Nazism, Mecca Temple had been large enough for the annual celebration. That year it became obvious that a larger meeting place would be needed. The United German Societies rented one of the city's huge armories.



Willie Luedtke, six-foot baker who helped in "discrediting" Paffrath.

Many American organizations protested. Mayor J. P. O'Brien revoked the armory permit, forbade the German Day meeting. Naturally there was protest from New York's Germans. A meeting of leaders of the German societies was held.

At that meeting the Ridder brothers openly charged that Spanknoebel had attempted to dictate their publishing policy, and asserted that German Day in America was becoming Adolf Hitler Day.

A near riot ensued. Dr. Ignatz T. Griebel, the German spy, who was working with us, attempted to hit Bernard Ridder. The Jewish treasurer of the United German Societies was dumped on the floor. Mayor O'Brien called the German leaders to his office and scathingly rebuked Heinz Spanknoebel, who was there to present our side.

This was the cue to those of us who wished to be rid of Spanknoebel. We took Walter Kappe into our confidence. He told a fellow reporter on a New York daily, truthfully, that Spanknoebel was in the United States illegally. He also had the same bit of news broadcast in a German-language radio program.

A federal warrant was issued for Spanknoebel's arrest. It charged, correctly, that he was "acting as a foreign governmental agent without notice to the Secretary of State." He became a fugitive, facing a five-year jail sentence and a fine of \$5,000.

How did he elude arrest?

The federal warrant had been issued about October 27. For several days he hid out at the home of Dr. Griebel, then moved to the home of one of our agents in Irvington, New Jersey. Some time later Walter Kappe and I took him to a liner, where he was at once put in irons and in the brig. Upon his arrival on German soil he was sent—with some publicity—to dread Dachau, the Siberia of concentration camps.

Two weeks later, very quietly, he was released upon personal orders of Hitler, and today he is in charge

of that same concentration camp.

Hitler, in a public statement made in 1933 when federal authorities were looking for Spanknoebel, said:

"There is no authorized representative of myself or the German National Socialist Party in America. . . . I have given strictest orders that not even lectures or speeches on National Socialism are to be given in America by members of my party. What good would it do me to waste money on propaganda in America? . . . No doubt Jews are at the bottom of such reports."

Despite this official disclaimer, a new man was sent from Germany to replace Heinz Spanknoebel. In this story he shall be known only as Herr Rich. He is, even today, busily directing Nazi propaganda in this country, but—since my revelations to the government—under the watchful eyes of American investigators.

Though I cannot tell you the true name of this man who was to become my superior and relay my orders to me from Berlin, where he was chief of the Propaganda Bureau for the United States, I can tell you that his office abroad is located at Berlin W. 35, Kurfuersten Strasse 151.

Each year Herr Rich makes four or five trips between this country and Germany. His United States headquarters usually is in the office of a German firm at 17 Battery Place, New York City. That same building houses the German Consulate.

HERR RICH is of average height and build, graying at the temples, about forty-five. He is a highly cultured man. He proved to be more tactful than Heinz Spanknoebel.

"Your job," he explained to our little group, "is to create a counterpart of our organization abroad. But you are to stay within the law."

He explained our individual duties to us. Two of us would work to build up Friends of the New Germany, which already, through our efforts, had 22,000 members. One of us was assigned to speaking engagements, Walter Kappe was to handle newspapers, while I was to head the German-American Business League.

I lived at the time in Montclair, New Jersey, and was in business for myself. Herr Rich told me of a German organization in that state whose books, he suspected, contained evidence of misappropriation of funds.

"The members are going to demand an audit of the books," he explained. "I want you to make that audit." Subsequently I did. The way was mysteriously opened for me to make it. I uncovered shortages that totaled \$34,000. The members, out of gratitude, elected me head of the organization. From that date it became violently pro-Nazi. In similar ways scores of German societies that had been 100-per-cent American in ideals became zealous Nazi groups.

Part of my work under Herr Rich's direction was to find work for German agents who were now com-



Dr. Griebel, now notorious Nazi spy, worked with Paffrath's organization.

ing by the hundred. Their secret assignments, like my own, would come directly from their superiors. But it was necessary that, here in America, they appear to have some legitimate means of support.

In former days, when greenhorn Germans arrived on these shores and had no friends to whom to turn, they would go to the steamship line that had brought them over. It would record their names, addresses, and trades. Likewise German employers established here would list their help-wanted requirements with the steamship line. Thus employers found employees and vice versa. The practice still existed in the early '30s.

Great German firms here in the East—bakeries, groceries, etc.—often filed their wants with the steamship lines. And, quite without the firms' knowledge, employees who were Nazi agents were put on their pay rolls.

So great was the influx of Nazi agents, that the steamship line alone could not place all of them. It was my duty on occasion to find or create jobs. Herr Rich called me one day to Captain S——'s office.

"We are expecting a very clever man who will arrive next week via Amsterdam," he said. "The nature of his duties makes it desirable that he seem to be in business for himself. I shall send him to you."

The man came to me. I inquired about the work he could do, then set him up in business as a floor scraper, with a helper or two. He got more business than he needed to support himself. Yet he also was receiving pay as an active Nazi agent.

Another man, Paul J——, was sent to me by the North German Lloyd. He was a linguist. His duty was to work into Finnish societies and spread the Nazi doctrine. I put him to work as helper for the other agent.

How are Hitler's agents paid in America? I can tell you this much: The paymaster general of all agents, spies, and Gestapo members in the United States is a member of the German Consul General's staff in New

(Continued on page 18)



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	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
\$300	\$18.00	\$26.50	\$27.00	\$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

***NOTE:** You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures.) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed*.

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(Continued from page 16)

York. The money is collected by another member of that staff and turned over to the actual paymaster—a partner in the firm in whose offices I first met Herr Rich.

Let us call that firm Black & White. Mr. Black, a partner, obtains some of the money directly from Germany, where he goes about eight times a year. He is the only person in the United States with a complete list of all Nazi agents in America.

Agents are paid in cash and enjoy an expense account. I was permitted an expense account of \$150 a week. I reported to Herr Rich each Friday evening. Sometimes he would hand me my pay, sometimes Captain S—or Mr. Black would. More often, however, it would be sent to Yorkville. There I maintained a mailing box (No. 127) on East Eighty-sixth Street. Usually my pay would be sent there in a plain envelope.

AT the present time approximately half the money used to pay German agents in America comes directly from Germany, brought by Mr. Black. However, annual German celebrations (one of which is the January anniversary of Hitler's rise to power), for which invitations are sent out by the German Consulate, account for a goodly percentage. One-dollar admission tickets are sold. Often 30,000 of these may be disposed of for a party held in a hall that could not accommodate more than 3,000 persons. The money ostensibly goes for the Winter Relief Fund in Germany. Actually it stays here for the use of German agents.

Add to this the 10 per cent of the money collected as dues by Nazi organizations that is turned over to the consulate, plus payments required of German importers of merchandise, and you have a staggering sum.

When, under Herr Rich, I went to work as a paid Hitler agent in the United States, I moved from New Jersey to New York City and lived in a hotel in what is essentially a Jewish neighborhood. Friends of the New Germany, our Nazi-conceived organization, was by this time under fire. Samuel Dickstein, New York congressman, had obtained an appropriation to investigate un-American activities in the United States, and he had already charged that the "Friends" was nothing other than "the American section of the Nazi Party." Other organizations, many of them Jewish, were directing attention to our activities. But Dickstein's Congressional investigation—forerunner of the present Dies Committee—offered the most serious handicap to our efforts.

One day Herr Rich called me to the office of Black & White. "You've been doing good work," he said, "as head of the Business League. But I have a more important mission for you. You are to become a traitor to the Nazi cause here in America!"

Some of the shock that I felt at his pronouncement must have shown

in my face, for he smiled briefly.

"Ostensibly a traitor. Actually, you will be working under my direction as a member of the Secret Service of the Propaganda Division."

And then I saw what he meant. I was to try to worm my way into the offices and headquarters of those who were investigating Nazi activities in the United States. Some of the information they had could have come only from disloyal members of our own Nazi movement.

"In order to win your entrance into the ranks of our enemies," Herr Rich continued, "it will be necessary first to create a public impression that you are a turncoat, a traitor. You will have to be very thoroughly discredited. That may create dangers for you. Do you understand?"

I nodded. It was not a pleasant prospect.

"Not only our Nazi members here in America but our enemies will be thoroughly convinced that you have become a traitor. You will give our enemies certain information which will be supplied to you for the purpose. And you will keep your eyes open and learn who their spies among us are. It is my hope that you may eventually be able to worm your way into the headquarters of Dickstein. Is this all clear?"

I said it was.

"Go to your hotel now," he said. "Put your affairs with the German-American Business League in order. I will send for you when everything is in readiness."

I OBEYED instructions. Three days later he phoned me, announcing himself by one of three names he customarily used. His message was brief: "See the captain."

I went to Captain S's offices at the pier. It was around noon. Herr Rich was there. He said to me:

"At the next meeting of the German-American Business League you are to sever all of your ties with that organization during open meeting. You are to resign"—he smiled humorlessly—"as noisily as possible. Do not take the financial records of the organization to the meeting. But keep them in readiness."

"Something will happen at that meeting—something unpleasant. I can only tell you to be prepared in advance for anything that may happen. And if you find yourself in trouble, go at once to Dr. Draeger."

Dr. Friedhelm Draeger was Acting German Consul at 17 Battery Place. He lived in a hotel on the upper West Side.

Herr Rich that noon also produced a manuscript. "I have prepared this myself," he said. "I want you to take it along and write it over in your own words."

He told me where I was to take it after rewriting it and getting his approval of my changes in its style.

I shall tell you more of that manuscript later. It contained facts purporting to constitute an exposé of Nazi agents in the United States. A

strange thing! An exposé of the Nazified Bund written by the chief of Nazi propaganda in the country! But it served a sinister purpose and served it well.

Herr Rich, Captain S—and I had lunch. I received further instructions and returned to my hotel to await the meeting at Jaeger's Turnhall at Eighty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue.

THAT membership meeting took place on the night of February 10, 1936. My first hint of what was in store for me came when two of the members arose to accuse me of misappropriating funds of the organization.

So this was it! I was to be put under a cloud by means of faked charges! I saw that if I followed my natural impulse, if I called my two accusers liars and offered to show the League's books at once, I would defeat the purpose of this little play. So, instead, I said with a martyr's air that any member of the organization was free to examine my books—but specified a later date! It had the desired effect. My accusers demanded that I produce the books at once. I refused. Before that meeting was over I was definitely under suspicion as a disloyal Nazi.

Being in trouble, I went, as instructed, to Dr. Draeger's hotel immediately. "Do you know what happened tonight?" I asked him.

Dr. Draeger, tall handsome blue-eyed son of a post-office clerk in Germany, was a bachelor of about forty.

"I don't," he said, "although I know something did. I have some sealed orders here for you."

He tore open an envelope. When he had read the paper inside, I began to tell him what had happened.

"You are not to report to me," he interrupted. "You will board the Deutschland on the night of the fifteenth and sail for Germany, where you will report to Dr. Boehle of the AO" (foreign division).

With no more information than that, I returned to my hotel and began getting things together for my departure. I still had the manuscript given me by Herr Rich. I wanted to call Walter Kappe, and tell him good-by. He was then convalescing from a slight skull fracture received a few days before in an automobile accident. Yet—not knowing fully what the plans of my superiors for me were—I did not call him.

On the evening of February 15 I went to the pier and made all arrangements to sail at party expense that midnight. I was in my cabin when some one knocked on the door. It was Willie Luedtke.

In May of 1935, Luedtke, a baker by trade, had been out of work and had applied to the party for a position. He was a huge phlegmatic six-footer. Since I was district leader for New Jersey, I had made him head of the Bund local in Passaic, at twenty-five dollars a week and com-

(Continued on page 20)

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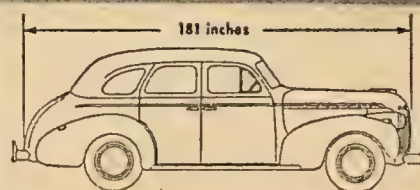
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(Continued from page 18)
missions. He did not do well, and I later changed his job, making him treasurer of the DKV of the German-American Business League.

"Something is up," he told me. "I don't think you're sailing. Better get to the office. They're waiting for you. If you don't believe me, call the office and ask for Kappe."

I left the Deutschland and went to the pier office of Captain D—. I called Kappe. He had the same information. Something was up. I was to wait in Captain D—'s office for a man named R—.

R— was not a member of the organization but was Eastern leader of the German-American Bund.

Outside Captain D—'s office, on the pier, I had noticed a number of members of Friends of the New Germany. While I was waiting, another message came through. I was to accompany Luedtke at once to the organization headquarters of the League's DKV. I went with him to the richly furnished brownstone house uptown.

Walter Kappe was there.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Orders," he said. He seemed to know as little about it as I. We sat down and had a glass of wine together. Then I was called to the second floor, where in an office I was confronted with eight guards, all in Storm Troopers' uniforms. Until further notice, I was to occupy a suite of rooms there.

R— was in the room. He sent the guards out.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

He laughed. "I was going to ask you the same thing. All I know is that you are to stay here until told. Live here. And I am to get your signature on this."

He slid a paper across the desk. It read, as I recall it: "I herewith agree to leave the pier of the North German Lloyd Line of my own volition to help in auditing books of the organization of which I have been president until February 10, 1936."

I began to understand then. This was a fake kidnaping. To discredit myself with the membership of our organization, I had been supposedly fleeing the country—absconding. And so a group of loyal party members had "kidnaped" me. The paper which I signed would, if the whole affair reached the courts, prevent the possibility of any one being convicted on a kidnaping charge.

I made myself comfortable upstairs. Kappe showed me the rooms I was to occupy until further notice.

Downstairs, a flock of New York newspapermen were firing questions at R—. They had received word of my "crookedness" and my "disappearance." Where was I? How much money had I "stolen" from the organization?

With a fine show of indignation, R— branded me to them as indeed a crook. The organization's books, he lied, showed a shortage of about

\$3,500. Where was I? He wished he knew. I had fled.

The police were put on my trail. They went to the Sherman Square Hotel in search of me—only to find, of course, that I had checked out.

A big meeting was held in Yorkville the following night. Before 3,000 American Nazis I was publicly condemned as a traitor.

After seventy-two hours—while police searched for me—I was instructed to call my attorney, Joseph Broderick. He did not know all the facts, of course. I simply said I was in a jam, gave him the address where I was being "held," and told him to come and get me. He did—and met with little opposition.

I did not want the police to "rescue" me, since they would have arrested every one in the house and would have acted as witnesses for me.

For my orders from Herr Rich now were to have a number of party members arrested on a charge of kidnaping!

I followed instructions. I told my story to a member of the District Attorney's office. John Doe warrants were sworn out for nine men who, I told him, had been on the pier the night I was to have sailed. One of those men was Kappe. I hated to include him, but orders were orders.

The others who were arrested, and who subsequently remained in a jail cell for several days for lack of bond, were Fritz Brotte, A. Guesse-

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feld, Willie Luedtke, G. Nebbe, and Max Rapp. Three others had supposedly "escaped" and sailed on the Deutschland.

This elaborate farce reached its inevitable conclusion. In court, attorneys for the men charged with my "kidnaping" produced the statement, bearing my signature, that I had voluntarily left the pier. Judge De Lucca may have suspected something. Why had I signed such a paper? I pleaded fear of reprisals.

Before I went into court, an official of the German-American Bund came to me. "Be sure to be a meek witness," he advised. Since I already had received that advice from my superiors, his caution was not necessary. But his name may be of interest. He was Fritz Kuhn.

At the hearing, of course, I was a poor witness. And, in view of that signed paper, Judge De Lucca not only ordered the case against my "captors" dismissed but advised them to sue me for false arrest.

But the whole affair had been a spectacular success. It had discredited me completely with every pro-Nazi German in New York who did not know it had been a fraud. And there were few who did.

And those who were fighting Nazism in America must by now be looking upon me, a "traitorous" Nazi, with some interest. Only one bit of make-believe to convince them remained to be played. This remaining bit involved the publication of the manuscript Herr Rich had written—the manuscript "exposing" Nazi activities in America.

Where was it published?

First, let me apprise you of something, the full truth of which has never before been told.

LAST year, when Hitler and Stalin signed a pact, the whole world was left gasping.

Liberty, in articles written by Princess Radziwill which appeared as early as July 30 and September 3 of 1938, had prophesied this political maneuver. The Soviet Embassy had violently denied the prophecy. Later the self-styled Russian intelligence officer, General Krivitsky, hinted at the same thing. That, too, was denied. Then came the pact itself.

Yet I intend to demonstrate to you that Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia were political bedfellows as early as 1935. That their propaganda agencies had joined hands by then. That Nazi and Russian propaganda in the United States even then came out of the same hopper. And turning the handle of that hopper was Hitler's Propaganda Bureau.

It was in the spring of 1935 that a mutual-assistance pact was signed by Germany and Soviet Russia. In that year, due to the efforts of Hitler's agents, Russia became a Fascist, capitalistic nation, private capital again was permitted to emerge, and the Red Peril (so far as Germany was concerned) became a myth.

Russia as a Soviet state had been a dismal failure. It took the canny propaganda machine of Adolf Hitler to show this fact to Joseph Stalin.

The Russian blood purges were a result of Nazi salesmanship. The first denunciation of the officials who later were to be purged came from the German Embassy. Documentary evidence, much of it planted, much of it faked, was dumped in Stalin's lap. And off came the heads of the military leaders of his country.

That was all to Nazi Germany's liking. Russia, after that purge, was in dire need of industrial and military leaders. Hitler supplied them. Hundreds of specially trained Germans immediately went with their families to Russia. It is only because of that fact that the Russian airplane today is worthy of use.

WHILE they were at it, these German leaders also took charge of Stalin's propaganda machine. Soviet Russia had evolved an excellent system of espionage and sabotage. These systems, together with the Italian systems, were welded together into a super-agency under German secret agents' leadership!

In America the Bund adopted the Communist "block" system for possible future emergencies. Today, between First and Second avenues, on East Eighty-sixth Street, New York City, there are three "block" leaders who will be responsible for turning out at an instant's notice German agents responsible for certain sabotage work in that district.

Where Communist orders for propaganda originally came from Moscow direct, those orders now are issued from 17 Battery Place.

The Red element in American labor unions no longer is under Communist leadership. It is under Gestapo leadership—whether or not the unions are aware of that fact.

Fountainhead of every piece of so-called Communist propaganda today is not Russia but Nazi Germany.

Constantine Oumansky, who recently came to the United States as Russian Ambassador, came here in response to the direct wishes of Heinrich Himmler, chieftain of Adolf Hitler's dread Gestapo.

Hitler has built his alliances well.

Last November a high official of the Nazi Party confided to me that when Hitler does attack England, it will not be with German troops. It will be with a force of seven tenths Russian gun fodder reinforced by only three tenths of German officers. And the Russian troops to be used when the day comes are now being trained in Poland by Germans.

All of this, understand, with the full knowledge and agreement of Joseph Stalin. He will furnish the man power, Adolf Hitler the leadership—for the future.

For the past three years German leadership has controlled—absolutely—Russian industry.

Why, then, is not Germany today assisting her ally Russia in Finland?

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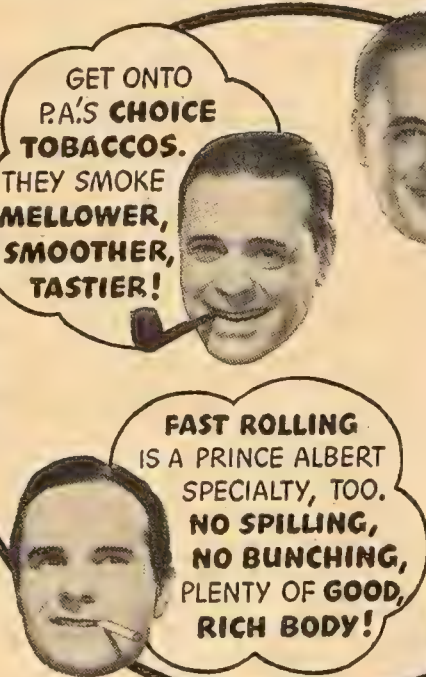


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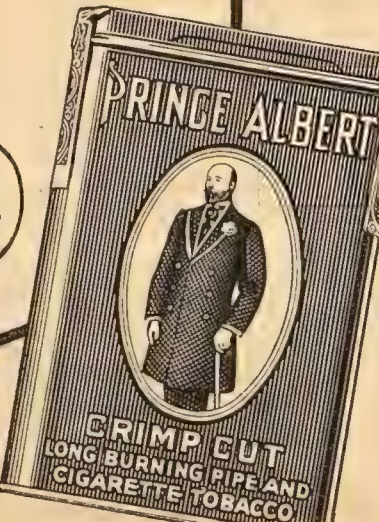
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For two reasons. First, to demonstrate to the German people that they have nothing to fear from Russia as a military power; second, to make even clearer to Russia her need for German military leadership.

And make no mistake about it: For five years the voice of Communism in this country has been the voice of Russia, but the words have been the words of Nazi Germany!

Let me establish my point.

Remember that, after I was "kidnaped" in early 1936, I had to get published, somewhere, the manuscript that had been given me by Herr Rich.

That document, that "exposé" of Nazism, would be the final proof of my seeming disloyalty.

What newspaper would be the logical one to take it to?

You may have guessed. I took it, under direct orders from Herr Rich, to one in downtown Manhattan. When I was told that the managing editor was too busy to see me, I took a card from my pocket. It was one of the cards I had used as president of the DKV (Deutscher Konsum Verband) of the German-American Business League. It had my name on it and the emblem of the DKV.

But on the back of the card, in green ink and in his own handwriting, were the name and Berlin address of my superior, United States propaganda chief Herr Rich.

"Take that in to your managing editor," I said.

The person who took it immediately came out and said, "Please go in at once."

I WENT in. A short stocky man with white hair rose to greet me. "Sit down," he said. "I know all about it. Let's go over the articles."

We did—revising them very slightly here and there.

This man who knew "all about" my manuscript and intended to publish it was managing editor James Casey.

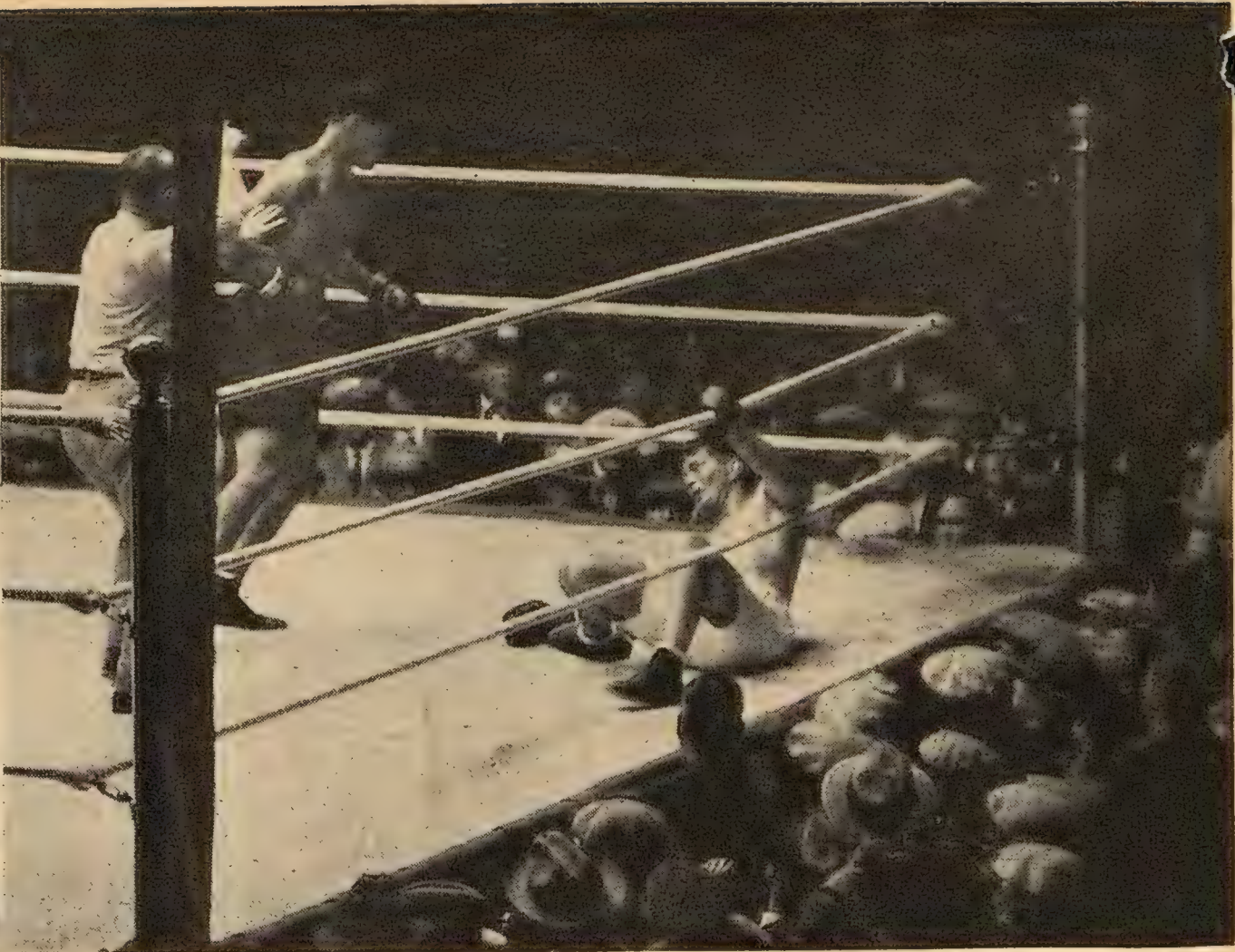
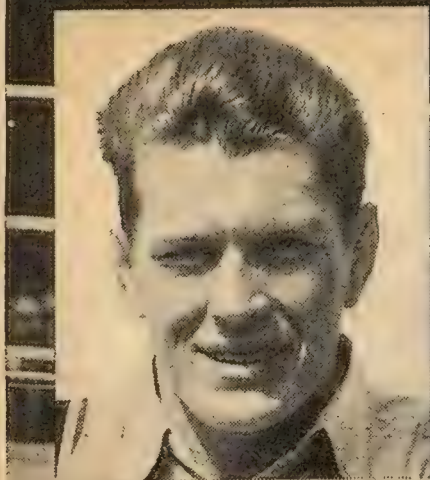
His newspaper was the voice of Communism—and Russia—in the United States—the *Daily Worker*!

A supposedly Red newspaper was to be the springboard from which I hoped to plunge into the inner circle of those who fought Nazism in the United States.

The point is that, in 1936, the greatest Communist newspaper in America was assisting me in the performance of my duties as a paid Hitler agent here.

I left its office assured that my "exposé" would be given immediate publication. "If that," I told myself, grinning, "doesn't get me into Dickstein's office, then nothing will."

It did, of course! What happened to anti-Nazi informers whose names he reported to his superiors? With what even uglier assignments—one of them literally insane—did Herr Rich reward him? What finally turned his stomach and made him resign from Hitler's service? He will tell you, in detail, in *Liberty* next week!



Left: Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey. Above: Tunney on the canvas as he gets the long count.

DEMPSEY *Answers* TUNNEY AT LAST ON THE LONG COUNT

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES

THIS is a yarn about ancient rights. Not the kind of rights most everybody is demanding today, but a couple of rights to the jaw which, Heaven knows, the recipients would just as lief have done without. They came about a year apart in the downhill half of the turbulent '20s, and the fellow who gave the first one in Phlegmatic Philly got it back with interest the following year in Chaotic Chi.

That first one was hung on my jaw one rainy night in September, 1926, by Gene Tunney, when he took the heavyweight championship of the world from me. The second was planted on Gene's chin the following September, when I did my best to try to regain that championship. Tunney has told his version of both these blows in a recent magazine article wherein he sought to prove that the "championship is a state of mind."

Now, I heartily agree with Gene in some of his contentions, and just as heartily disagree with him in others.

For instance, I agree that a champion must believe implicitly that he is not only the best in the world but also the best that *ever was* in the world!

Hence there is no doubt in my mind that both Gene Tunney and the present champion, Joe Louis, are sincere in their belief that they could lick me the best day I ever saw.

I admire them for thinking so, for that proves their championship timbre. Belief in one's own ability is part and parcel of the championship. If Joe Louis didn't believe he could beat me, he wouldn't be a real champion. The same thing goes for Tunney.

And it certainly is without bragadocio that I admit my belief that I could lick any other champion if we could have met at our competitive and physical peaks.

But to get back to those rights: Gene is all wet when he writes that I was "dazed and hurt" by his first right-hander in our Philadelphia fracas. As a matter of fact I hardly felt the blow at the time.

"It was that straight right in the first round," he wrote, "the completely unexpected thing, which dazed and defeated him."

In the heat of battle you don't feel all the punches you take at the time

they land. That is, you don't *heed* them if you have any ability to withstand a good wallop. It was no single blow that won the fight for Tunney. He just was a younger and better conditioned athlete. In short, that night he was a better fighter.

So we come to the second right—the Chicago one. Tunney described this one as follows:

"I can remember Jack crossing a vicious right over my left lead for the first of the series of blows. I chided myself for being hit. What I actually said was: 'Tunney, what a sucker you are to be nailed like that.' The next cerebation was that I'd been hit a fearful wallop on the right jaw. I hadn't seen the blow start or in flight, but I certainly felt it. It was the hardest of the seven blows and the one that prepared me for the five others, and, incidentally, for the much discussed but pleasant fourteen seconds' rest on the canvas.

A famous ex-champion breaks a long silence
about a prize-ring debate that will never die

BY DEMPSEY *Himself*

"My blindness to that punch was caused, I conscientiously believe, by a traumatic astigmatism due to an eye injury in a training bout several days before the contest. . . . I have never told this story publicly before."

Then Gene goes on to tell what he recalls of the count:

"I was oblivious to the long count aspect, which caused so much debate. There has been plenty of myth and confusion about that. I first became aware of the count when I heard the referee say 'two.' Eight seconds in which to do the most critical thinking in my life."

Personally, I didn't know, nor care much at the time, how long Gene was down. I was pretty doggoned tired myself. But there's a quotation from a report by Paul Beeler, the official timekeeper at the fight, that should settle the matter of that famous count:

"I was leaning on the edge of the ring holding my counting stop watch in my left hand. On the timekeeper's table were two more stop watches, left running to record the time for the starting and stopping of the rounds.

THE round was just fifty seconds old when Dempsey started the awaited attack to Tunney's chin. The men were only a few feet from Dempsey's corner. Tunney had appeared a little careless as the round started and didn't seem to be carrying his hands as high as he should. Suddenly Jack started shooting lefts and rights to the champion's head and chin and every punch connected.

"I was on my feet at once, ready to start the count. Tunney's hands dropped, his knees began to sag, and he made a grab for the ropes with his left arm. The instant his hips touched the floor I started the watch and began tolling off the count.

"As I reached the count of five I couldn't hear Referee Dave Barry's voice counting with me, and glanced up to see what the trouble was.

"Two things flashed into my vision. Barry was facing me, swinging his right hand and yelling, 'One.' I had a second in which to decide whether to go along with Barry's count or continue my own original count that started when Tunney was floored. I went along with Barry. He was in charge.

"When Barry had reached the count of 'Nine' Tunney got to his feet and, with a great exhibition of back-pedaling, stayed away from the furious Dempsey, until Jack in disgust stopped dead in the center of the ring and beckoned to the champion to come on in and fight.

"I sat down and took a look at my counting watch, which I had started the instant Tunney hit the canvas, stopped the instant he got off the floor.

"The watch read *seventeen* seconds! Tunney certainly had sufficient time to take a good rest.

"Why did the watch read 'seven-

teen' seconds? Referee Barry had inadvertently slowed down the cadence of the count from my 'five' to his 'nine.'

"Why the '14' count? It was due to the sports writers adding my 'five' and Barry's 'nine.'"

(Beeler, an expert timer, explained that it is most difficult to count sec-

QUESTIONS



1—Her birthdays—she has had eighty—are now occasions for recalling a great fight which she led. This famous pioneer organized the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association in 1890, but her activities became world-wide and many countries have honored her. Who?

2—What members of Congress bear the names of a beverage, condiment, herb, cereal?

3—Who were the authors of *The Scarlet Letter*, *A Study in Scarlet*, and *The Scarlet Pimpernel*?

4—By what new method were returns made known to the public in the Harding-Cox election in 1920?

5—Which way do the arms of the Nazi swastika run, right or left?

6—What three countries are the United States' best customers?

7—Did Col. Whittlesey, Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan, or Col. Theodore Roosevelt lead the Fighting 69th, New York's famous regiment?

8—Can mercury freeze? And if so, at what point?

9—Does the seventeen-year locust get its name because it lives underground that long, lives above ground seventeen years, or appears only every seventeen years?

10—Can you pair the figures 80, 31, and 42 pounds with the types of trout for which they are record weights?

11—If you get 2 per cent interest on \$100, compounded yearly, how long will it take for the sum to double itself?

12—What states are called Nutmeg, Cracker, Hawkeye, Pine Tree, and Coyote?

13—Using identical heating methods, can tea be made more quickly at Atlantic City or Denver?

14—What quiz has had more participants than any other ever conducted?

15—A. B. and a. b. after persons' names indicate what?

16—What was Jaffa called when Jonah embarked from there on his ill-fated journey?

17—Which one of these won the Nobel Prize for Literature: Edith Wharton, Margaret Mitchell, Pearl Buck, or Ellen Glasgow?

18—Does the marines' hymn which begins "From the halls of Montezuma" commemorate service in the Philippines, Mexico, or Venezuela?

19—If your child's Intelligence Quotient rates over 140, is he a moron, a genius, or normal?

20—Who is the most famous stamp collector in the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

onds accurately without using a stop watch, the general tendency being to count them slower than they actually are, which he says Barry did.)

Now I'll tell you *my* version of the Chicago affair. After our first fight in Philadelphia I decided that in our next set-to I'd have to try something different.

I knew Tunney would expect me to come barging wildly at him in an attempt to knock his block off with a flurry of wallops, and I made up my mind I'd do the opposite. I hit on the plan of starting one kind of attack and then shifting quickly. I knew Gene was an exceptionally good boxer, and that he did a lot of studying and

planning in the ring. I also knew that these "thinkers" frequently make the mistake of forgetting to figure that the other fellow might do a little thinking and planning himself.

When I got into that ring, I had decided to "box" with Tunney, and to keep my attack aimed almost entirely for his body. I figured that after a few rounds of this Gene would reason that I hoped to wear him down, and that I would probably not cut loose until the ninth or tenth round. He would also think I was conserving my strength for a last-round rally.

He was about right, except that I decided to make my bid in the seventh round. I figured that by then, if I started that round like all the rest and suddenly switched to an intense attack after about a minute, I would catch him unaware and get over the haymaker that would end the fight with a knockout.

And that's the way I fought. When the bell started us on the seventh round, I went out with the old "do or die" idea in mind. After nearly a minute of the routine body attack, I suddenly straightened and let go that right to the jaw. It landed, just as I planned and hoped, and it sure was a beaut. I had put plenty of "hop" on it, and it staggered Gene back on his heels.

JUST how badly he was hurt, only Gene knows. At any rate, I tore into him and, forcing him to the ropes, I let loose that left hook he didn't see. Even if he had *three* good eyes, he couldn't have done anything about that particular clout, because he was in a position on the ropes where he couldn't very well do anything.

I saw I had him. Then I let loose with everything I had and poured leather into him until he sank like an empty meal sack to the floor of the ring. I knew he was "out." And I was nearly so. But I felt that I had finished the job, and, with everything all over, I let down and relaxed. I felt that, so far as I was concerned, I had carried out my plan exactly as I had mapped it. But, as the poet says, "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." At any rate, after I had brought my battle right up to its peak, anything that happened after Tunney got off the floor in that seventh round was anticlimax. At the time I thought I was out of luck.

Then, a few years later, I thought Gene Tunney was the unlucky one; for in the controversy that followed, half the people took sides against the other half, and the result was that half thought I was *still* champion.

But now, more than thirteen not unlucky years after, "fourteen" or "seventeen," traumatic astigmatism, and everything else notwithstanding, I think Tunney and I are *both* extremely lucky; for we're cashing in yet on that fight, which, it begins to appear, will continue to be "fought" over and over again as long as there are fight fans to air their opinions.

THE END



SOMETHING *in the Air*

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

It was so good to be at home that it seemed to Milo Paige as though he could sit here forever on the shady porch, listening to familiar sounds, looking at familiar sights. Because the house had always been old in his lifetime, it had not changed; the elms grew straight up from the smooth lawn, their trunks casting long slanted shadows over the grass, their branches heavy with the fullness of June leafage, making dark pools of shade.

After two years in South America, two years at an altitude as far up toward the sky as this town was distant, by winding road, from the next town, New England seemed heaven. After heat that scorched and seared

bare mountaintops and dried up the men who burrowed there, and cold that cut like knives and whips, East Dorset, in late June, was more than the fulfillment of his dreams. He had not dared to remember days so perfect as these.

Across from him, stretched full length on the wicker couch, Belinda was smiling at him. One bare brown arm was behind her dark head and the other hung, completely relaxed and limp, over the edge of the couch, red-nailed fingers dangling just above the floor boards. Her entire body seemed as soft and languorous as the summer day; her white silk blouse rose and fell with her even breathing; and her legs, showing brown

"I suppose I got a sort of complex. And then—" She paused, looking at him with shining eyes. "Oh, Milo—"

through the white silk slacks, were motionless.

"Darling," she said softly, "you're so handsome."

He grinned at her. "Take you all these years to find that out?" he demanded.

"You're a man now," she said, and her dark eyes flickered and her soft mouth trembled.

He was a man now. Two years ago, off for South America with his mining engineer's diploma not a month old, he had been still wet behind the ears. Two years ago . . . He looked up quickly at his sister's husky laughter.

"Darling!" she repeated, amused and indulgent.

She was only a year older than he, which made her twenty-five. He stared back at her almost challengingly. Belinda had been a woman for a good ten years, he reflected; at fifteen she had been as poised, as sure of herself, as she was now.

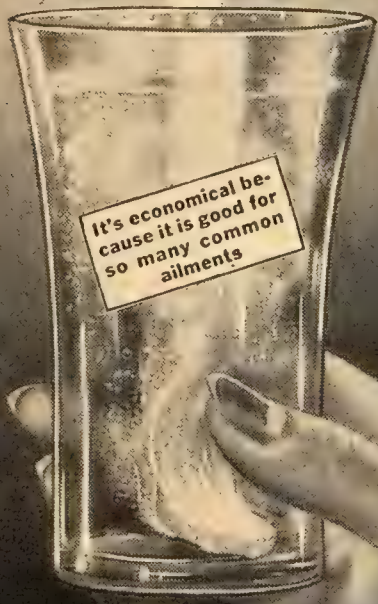
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"I expected to find you married," he said.

"Still playing the field," she murmured, and closed her eyes.

The field was undoubtedly still hers, her brother reflected. He had always admired her, even after he began to see through her.

Within the house, the telephone rang, and she rose indolently and went to answer it. His eyes followed her. She was definitely American, he was thinking, yet she had the slow grace of a Spanish woman, an essentially feminine quality which knew no race.

"Hello," she said. . . . "Oh, hello, Janet." A moment's silence. "Why, yes, I think we can. I'll ask Milo." Silence again, and then her voice, with that lazy cadence which was almost insolent, "Oh, he is? Yes, I do. I'll call you back, Janet."

MILLO leaned against pillows and looked out at the shadows on the lawn. There was no sound anywhere. Then he heard Belinda whistling.

She was whistling through her teeth, an unformed, unwritten melody, so low that he could hardly hear it, yet he found himself sitting up straight, his lethargy shattered, his mind alert, on the defensive.

He had not been more than seventeen when he had first learned to beware of Belinda's whistling. Always it was a portent of something, and usually of trouble. The wheels started revolving . . . there was something in the air . . . and she had no more idea that she was whistling than a rabbit.

She came out slowly and dropped back on the couch, still whistling. Milo waited, like a fencer on guard, his face expressionless, his brain active.

"Who's Pilar?" Belinda inquired, without even looking at him, and he jumped.

"Been going through my things?" he inquired, and she said, "Uh-huh," softly, still without opening her eyes.

He wondered what Belinda had found and where she was heading. There had been occasions in their past when she had employed what amounted to blackmail to achieve her ends. If there were a letter from the Señora de Cristobal—and he was almost certain that there was not—it would be in Spanish, and Belinda presumably did not know a word of that language.

"She's very pretty," she said, and looked at him quickly, before he had time to veil the relief in his eyes. What she had found was a photograph, with the words "Thine, Pilar," inscribed in her large elaborate handwriting. "You always were a heart-breaker," she added.

"Oh, always," he agreed, waiting. She sat up, clasped her arms about her knees, looked at him, turning the current on full. "Milo darling, would you do something for me?"

He laughed. It was always a relief when Belinda hauled up her colors. "What?" he inquired flatly.

She ignored the laughter. "You could so easily, if you wanted to," she told him, "and it would be a great favor to me. I should think it would be fun, anyway," she added ingenuously. "Keep your hand in."

Milo's lips were twitching. "Going to tell me, or just keep me flying blind?" he asked, as she remained silent.

"It's nothing, really. It's just that this girl, Hope Sefton, is coming to spend the week-end with Janet Deering, and I wish you'd be nice to her."

"Why?" asked Milo.

"As a favor to me, darling." She closed her eyes and then opened them wide. "Know who she is? She's Mark Sefton's daughter—the senator. And Janet would like it awfully if she'd stay on over the Fourth—Janet's having some sort of shindig then. You could do it—easily."

Milo chuckled. He knew of old that there was not the least use trying to find out from Belinda what it was all about.

"I'd do something for you sometime," she said wistfully, and he was abruptly aware that this was important to her, that there was tension and suspense beneath her languor.

"What is she—cross-eyed?"

"She's very pretty. Honestly. Be a darling," she pleaded.

He shrugged. On the face of it, it did not sound dangerous, but one never knew, with Belinda. "I'll take it under consideration," he said, and knew that he was committed as she sprang to her feet, radiant.

"I'll call Janet," she said happily.

"And tell her what?" he demanded, suspicion crackling in his voice.

"That we'll come for dinner tonight, of course." She leaned over and kissed him. "That's all," she said, smiling. "Just dinner—and be nice to Hope. You know—only until after the Fourth."

He shook his head. He did not know, and Belinda did not intend him to know. Mine not to reason why, he thought. It was nothing—merely to persuade a girl he had never met to change her plans and remain in East Dorset for another week. . . .

HOPE SEFTON smiled, and Milo blinked, unprepared for the change it made in her face. She had seemed so polished, so sure of herself, and the smile suddenly made her look very young and much prettier. He was telling her about the Saturday-night dances at the mine, describing the loneliness of young American engineers, playing tunes which were already old on a wheezy phonograph, solemnly and unhappily dancing with one another.

"You may think you know what it means to me to be sitting here," he said, gesturing toward the candlelit table, the flowers on the lace cloth, with a strong brown hand, "beside a girl like you," he added, his gray eyes meeting hers admiringly. She smiled again, less spontaneously this time, and looked down at her plate.

"Are you going back?" she asked, in her cool quiet voice.

"Yes," he said regretfully. "But I have three months."

Across the table, Belinda, too, was smiling at him, and Milo was suddenly self-conscious. He did not want to overdo it; that last sad note had been close to burlesque.

"You'll probably be impatient to get back to work by then," Hope Sefton said.

He could not, so far, quite make her out. She had the ease of a young woman who has traveled to a great many places, met a variety of people. She had the polish which a certain amount of money, good schools, good clothes, and a good beauty shop turn out in wholesale lots. Yet she was not—as they used to phrase it in Twenty Questions—one of a category. Her poise was not at all like Belinda's; it was confusingly at the same time like the manner of a great lady and a grave child.

He looked at her until she met his eyes again, until again her eyes dropped.

"You're staying over the Fourth, aren't you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Janet wants me to, but I don't think so. My father's in Maine, and I'm driving Val up there. He's writing some articles about father."

"Oh," said Milo, and the clouds lifted and he saw everything.

HE had not known that Valentine MacLane, seated beside Belinda across the table, was traveling with Hope Sefton. Fool! he told himself. He should have known, knowing Belinda, that there would be a man in it. He watched his sister, deep in conversation with MacLane, that familiar expression of breathless interest in her eyes, and suddenly he was extremely weary of the role for which Belinda had cast him.

Hope Sefton had followed his gaze. "Have you read his last book?" she inquired. "Father thinks that Val, young as he is, knows as much about world affairs as any man writing today. He says—"

She went on telling him what the senator thought, while Milo Paige felt a swift presentiment of trouble. What was Belinda trying to do? It was obvious that she wanted Valentine MacLane for herself; but where did Hope come in? He looked at her intently, but her eyes were clear and unbothered. She didn't know Belinda, of course; couldn't know that she was no match for her.

Now she had stopped talking about Valentine MacLane and was sitting quietly. The man on her left addressed her, and she turned her head so that Milo saw her profile, as finely cut as a good cameo and almost as cool, with a high-bridged delicate nose and a sensitive mouth above a well defined small chin. Her hair was fairish, neither gold nor brown, and it was combed smoothly upward in the Victorian sort of hair-do which girls were affecting these days. It

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became Hope Sefton, showed to advantage the straight column of her neck and her pretty ears.

She turned back to him. "Tell me some more about Bolivia."

Words always came easily to Milo, and now he was almost unpleasantly aware of his own ease, of his own voice, building pictures, re-creating the high harsh country about the mines, describing how the thin morning sunlight looked on the blue corrugated-iron roofs of the buildings, painting everyday scenes romantically and deftly.

"I'd love to go there sometime," she said, when he paused for breath. "It sounds so different from everything I've known."

BELINDA, momentarily disengaged while Valentine MacLane listened to his hostess, on his other side, looked at Milo and moved her hands in a swift pantomime of congratulation. Then MacLane turned back to her, and her lips parted breathlessly.

"We had an accident, driving up here," Hope Sefton was telling Milo in her clear, rather precise voice. "Father gave me a new car for my birthday, and I'm not used to it yet. I almost didn't make a sharp corner, and I did something to the gears. It's at the garage here now." She smiled at him. "So maybe," she added, "we won't get off as soon as we expect."

"Oh, you're staying over the Fourth," he said easily. "You and I are going to set off rockets together."

She laughed, but did not say anything. Milo wondered again what Valentine MacLane meant to her. He was an attractive man, good-looking and boyish, with a fine head and deep-set intelligent eyes. He must be in his early thirties, Milo judged.

Belinda caught his arm as they were all filing out of the dining room. "Darling!" she whispered, her eyes almost liquid, her voice a caress. Valentine MacLane was close behind her, his hand resting lightly on her back. He smiled over her shoulder at Milo, a smile so warm and almost welcoming, that Milo was startled.

"Listen," he said to his sister. "I want to talk to you."

"Talk to Hope," she whispered. "Milo, you're wonderful!" She gave him a gentle push toward where Hope Sefton stood.

He might look wonderful to Belinda, Milo thought crossly, but it was definitely Hope who had engineered their being together on the terrace. He had merely followed her through the open French windows, and she sat down in a white-painted iron chair, with leaves and bunches of iron grapes forming an exquisite background for her. Milo perched on the stone railing and wondered what he was doing here. She was an attractive girl, he told himself, but she meant nothing to him. Whether or not she remained over the Fourth was really a matter of complete indifference to him.

She was looking at him, and he

realized that he had been silent for a long time. He smiled apologetically.

"Tell me what *you* do in your mine," she suggested, so he began talking again.

He told her about drilling a new shaft, drilling from above and below and praying to God and all the South American saints that his calculations were correct and the approaching ends would meet. He told her what it was like to live and work at such an altitude, how the newcomers had to make two overnight stops on their way up to the mines to become accustomed to the thinness of the air. Some men could not stand it. He told her of Ted Wainwright, who had gone half crazy before he threw up his job and went home; and of Carlton Smith, whose girl had come down there to marry him. To his amazement, he found himself telling her a little about Pilar de Cristobal, whose husband was one of the directors of the company. How warm and gracious she had made their house in that bleak country; how good she was to lonely young Americans. . . .

It was a shock to Milo to see a look in Hope Sefton's eyes which reminded him of Belinda. It had been only a flicker, a flash which disappeared instantly and left them unclouded and open. He told himself that he must have imagined it.

"I suppose she's bored sometimes, too," Hope murmured gently, and again he looked at her sharply and again dismissed the suspicion that she was laughing at him. "We'd better go in," she added, rising.

He stood up, unprotesting. He had promised Belinda to try to keep this girl here. . . . "About tomorrow," he murmured. "You said you'd be ready at ten, didn't you?"

She looked at him oddly. "Did I?" He nodded, and suddenly she laughed and said, "Yes, I believe I did say ten," and went into the house.

DRIVING home, Belinda rested her head against the back of the seat and stared up at the stars.

"Do you think she's going to stay over?" she asked abruptly.

"I don't know and I don't care," Milo answered irritably. "Honestly, Belinda—"

"She liked you. I could see that. If you'd only make a little more effort—"

"So you'll have time to grab off her boy friend's scalp?" he asked.

His sister lifted her head. "Val isn't her boy friend. Truly, Milo!" Her denial was so intense that he laughed. Since when had Belinda cared whose man she took? Her voice was husky as she went on: "Milo, honestly, this is important to me. I've met Val—oh, I suppose a dozen different times—but I've never had a chance—" She broke off, and he looked at her curiously. "He was always just going to Europe or California or somewhere," she said.

"You're slipping," Milo told her. "You didn't use to need a week—or help, either."

"No," she agreed, in a voice that was faint and unlike herself and a little heartbreaking. Because she could do this even to him with one word, could make him feel sorry for her and sympathetic, Milo's irritation increased.

"Well, I'm not going to stalk your game for you!" he said flatly.

He debated with himself whether to telephone Hope Sefton in the morning and break their engagement, or whether simply to forget it. Forgetting seemed simpler and took less effort; he wanted to wash his hands of Belinda's intriguing; to get out from under. He spent the entire day writing letters, the knowledge that he had been rude adding to his anger.

He had not known that Belinda had invited them over for cocktails. When he came out on the porch at five o'clock, Hope was sitting between Janet and Val MacLane, and in the first jolt of his surprise, he flushed and gave himself away.

She smiled at him enigmatically, and later, when Janet and Val and Belinda were talking together, she murmured, "So you stood me up on purpose?" She seemed amused rather than offended, which baffled him, and he did not know what to say. "Don't try," she advised him, laughing. "I was just curious."

Suddenly he realized, as though he had not known it before, that he liked her. After all, Belinda's machinations and his own subsequent irritation were not Hope Sefton's fault. "I'm sorry," he said sincerely. "I was in a foul mood." She nodded and let it go at that. "Will you forgive me and really go for a drive with me tomorrow?" he asked.

Her hesitation was almost imperceptible. "All right," she agreed pleasantly, and he realized that he liked her very much indeed.

There was, he reflected, no foolish female nonsense about her; none of Belinda's kittenlike approaches and withdrawals. She was also extremely pretty; sport clothes became her even more than evening things, and suddenly it was exciting and wonderful to be with an American girl again. Pilar de Cristobal was a fascinating woman but she remained always a foreign one.

"You don't know what it means to me to be sitting here with a girl like you," he said earnestly, and Hope Sefton laughed and went on laughing.

HOPE SEFTON and Val MacLane were definitely staying over the Fourth. Belinda, chewing a pencil, was making out a list of guests for a dinner party at their house on the first. Milo, on his way out to pick up Hope, stopped and grinned at her. They had each been so occupied during the past six days, that they had not had a moment alone together. This afternoon their mother was at a meeting of the Garden Club, and their father was playing golf.

Belinda looked up and tried to grin

back but could not make it. Her mouth was too soft, and she jumped to her feet and flung her arms about him, clung to him without speaking.

"Why, dar-ling!" he imitated her own drawl, and he put one hand beneath her chin and tilted her face back. Her eyes were misty; it was a moment before she would look at him.

"You don't know, Milo," she said helplessly. "I'm so in love I could die."

"Making time?" he inquired.

She flushed, and he shook his head incredulously. This could not be Belinda, reticent and confused and tremulous! "I th-think so," she answered. "Oh, Milo, I'm so grateful to you!"

"Don't mention it," he said airily, and gave her a hard brotherly smack and went on his way.

It must be in the air, he thought, as he slid behind the wheel of Belinda's roadster and backed out of the garage. It was too soon to know, too soon to say, yet he had a decided hunch that he was falling in love with Hope Sefton, and the idea was enormously exciting.

She was waiting for him on the Deerings' steps, crisp and fresh in a blue linen dress, with a polka-dotted bandanna tied under her chin.

She climbed in beside him and settled back in the seat where she had spent most of her time for the past six days. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"Where do you want to go?"

It did not matter to either of them, so long as they were together. It was perplexing, reflected Milo, that though they had talked together incessantly, pouring out opinions and confidences as though neither of them had ever been able to talk to any one before, he still felt such a strong sense of reserve with her. They had known each other for six days; six days is enough for a young man to kiss a girl, yet Milo knew, without knowing why, that he must not. Not yet, anyway.

"Hope," he said suddenly, "maybe I'm stupid, but is there anything between you and Val?"

She laughed. "Good heavens, no! Besides"—her eyes were mischievous as they slanted toward him—"he and Belinda—or hadn't you noticed?"

"I wasn't sure," he answered. "You're telling me the truth?"

"Of course. I like Val a lot, but I never could fall in love with him in a million years."

She was unquestionably being honest. His relief was followed by a mounting excitement. "What type do you fall in love with?" he demanded, smiling, but he felt his heart jump as he waited for her answer.

Her laughter died. "Believe it or not," she said, "I've never been in love."

"Not even a little bit?"

"Not even a little bit," she said emphatically.

"Not even now?" he persisted.

She turned her eyes, wide and solemn, upon his face. "Milo, there are things I don't understand," she said seriously. "When we first met, I thought you were—you know, making a quick pass at me. You seemed so glib and facile. Then I got to know you and—you aren't like that at all. It puzzles me."

He said uncomfortably, "I was in a rotten mood that night, Hope."

"Was that it?" Her smile returned slowly. "So you broke our engagement the next day?" He was silent, and she sighed and said simply, "I'm glad you're not like that."

They drove aimlessly along the green country roads, talking all the time. He showed her the schoolhouse where he and Belinda had gone every year from April until the end of June, from early September until late October. He showed her where the first wild strawberries grew, and even found a handful of late fruit, which she ate greedily, staining her fingers and her mouth. He wanted desperately to kiss her then, to taste the wild strawberry flavor against the sweetness of her lips, but he didn't.

"You must have been very happy children," she said. She was plucking the petals from a daisy, and suddenly she flung it away from her, without finishing the game.

"We were," he answered lazily, stretched on his stomach on the grass, chewing a clover blossom.

"I wasn't," said Hope shortly. She stood up, suddenly restless and remote and mysterious. "Let's go," she said. "Why don't you show me where you used to play when you were little? I'd like to see where you had the tree house and—"

THEY drove up the long, elm-shaded driveway and around to the barn. The old red building was unchanged, Milo told her, and you could see the scars on the willow tree where the platform had been nailed. They sat down together in the long grass and looked up through gnarled branches at the sky.

"You must miss all this dreadfully when you're in South America," she said, and then added suddenly, sharply, in a voice utterly unlike her own, "Or don't you?"

Milo was bewildered. "Of course I do," he answered. "But—"

"But perhaps there are compensations?" she demanded, her voice still edged and brittle.

Milo Paige flushed.

"I mean the Señora de Cristobal," she continued, relentlessly drawing him back from his childhood; from the tree house that had once been in the willow above their heads; from the moment.

He looked at her questioningly, and suddenly she burst into tears.

"Don't, Hope," he told her gently. "Don't cry." He put his arm about her and drew her toward him.

She was talking against his chest, her words muffled. "You don't know

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why I'm crying. It's not what you think." She lifted her face, streaked with tears, to look at him, and he kissed her quivering mouth and she kissed him back, fiercely. "I was just being nasty about the señora," she continued. "I don't really mind. I'm not a little girl, you know, Milo. I'm twenty-four."

"Darling," he said.

"Wait!" she told him. "I want to tell you." She was still crying, but easily and openly now. "You see, you had a happy childhood, Milo. Your mother and father loved each other."

"Don't tell me anything you don't want to," he said.

"I want to tell you. I ought to get it out. It's why I've always, all my life, been afraid of falling in love, terribly afraid of getting married." Her eyes were steady but her lips were tremulous. "My mother hated my father, Milo. That's why I made that crack about the señora. There was always a señora in our home—practically on the mantelpiece." She swallowed. "I mean, I always knew about it. From the time I was—oh, four or five. First it was my governess—then a maid. It didn't seem to matter much."

"Poor kid," he murmured. Suddenly he understood a great many things which had puzzled him.

"I suppose I got a sort of complex," she said. "A real one, I guess. And then—" She paused abruptly, looking at him with shining eyes. "Oh, Milo—"

"Milo!"

It was Belinda's voice, and Hope broke away from him, scrambling to her feet.

"Go and stop her, Milo. I can't see any one now." Belinda's voice called again, and Hope dashed around the giant willow, calling back urgently, "Hurry, Milo! Get her away quick!"

BELINDA said, "There you are!" and came running across the grass. Milo started toward her, and they met halfway between the house and the willow tree. "Oh, Milo!" Her eyes shone just as Hope's had been shining a moment before, with the same look of happiness and tears close together. "Darling, I'm going to marry Val! I'm so happy!"

"I'm glad," Milo said, putting his arm around her waist and trying to turn her about, to start her back to the house.

Belinda swayed away from him and sat down in the grass, her arms clasped about her knees. "You did it for me, Milo. If you hadn't kept them here—"

"Don't be silly," he interrupted her sharply, his voice loud and unnatural. "Get up, Belinda."

She did not move, looking at him joyously. "You did, though," she insisted. "If you hadn't worked on Hope—you needn't look so modest about it, dar-ling!—Val would have gone back to Maine with her, and we'd just have been ships passing in the night again."

Milo's mouth was dry. "Look, Belinda," he said. "Let's go—"

She interrupted him. "What's the matter with you? You're as nervous as a witch. I'm just telling you that you're good! Super-colossal. From the first minute you had her eating out of your hand!"

It was the worst moment of Milo Paige's life. He had to do something, say something, at once . . . And then Belinda's head turned sharply and he looked up as the engine of the roadster roared.

"Who's that?" Belinda asked sharply. Her car swung around the circle of the back-yard drive and swept past them, out to the main road.

Milo looked at her. "That was Hope," he said, and his sister cried, "Oh, no, Milo! Why didn't you—" and paused, staring at him.

MILO wondered if Hope would ever forgive him. "You had her eating out of your hand," Belinda had said, and Hope had heard it. Could her pride ever possibly let her forget that?

"Milo," said Belinda, "I'm an idiot. I had no idea. You—you really like her, don't you?"

He nodded. If Belinda had stayed away five more minutes, he would have told Hope how much.

"We've got to do something," Belinda declared. "Right away." For an instant she was silent, thinking. "We'd better get to the garage," she said. "If I know anything about women, she'll get her own car and head for home."

Running down the hot road, Milo's head was whirling. Belinda was probably right: Hope would want to get just as far away from him as she could. They arrived, panting, in the garage yard, and Joe Turner grinned at Belinda and said, "Why don't you signal when you make a left turn?"

She looked at Joe and said, "Hello, darling," breathlessly. Milo watched her as she walked toward him, her hips swaying slightly, her short skirt fluttering above her pretty legs. "Has Miss Sefton telephoned about her car?"

Joe Turner's eyes on Belinda were appreciative, and Milo remembered how Joe had looked at her when they were all three in school together, springs and autumns here in East Dorset. Joe had been in Belinda's class, a year ahead of him.

"No, but I've got her ready," he answered.

Belinda's red lips were pursed, because she was whistling softly, tunelessly, her sea-green eyes on Joe's face. "That's too bad," she said. "I'd hoped the car wouldn't be ready until tomorrow."

"Yeah?" commented Joe.

She nodded, and Milo's mind registered the fact that she was whistling Yankee Doodle.

"You're sure it's all right?" she asked. "I'd hate to have Miss Sefton start anywhere and have more trouble."

Joe Turner was looking at Belinda, grinning.

"I'd hate to think of you working all night on a car," she continued. "But if you found that it wasn't ready—" Her hand went out and touched the sleeve of his denim blouse, fingered it absently.

Joe's grin broadened. "You call it, Belinda," he said, and the telephone rang in the garage.

Belinda and Milo followed Joe inside.

"Hello," he said, and winked at them, nodding. "Why, I'm sorry, Miss Sefton. I haven't finished the job." The inhuman, mechanical sound audible against the stillness was Hope's voice in the receiver.

"Let me speak to her," Belinda said, and Joe handed her the telephone. "Hope darling, this is Belinda." Her voice was lazy and soft. "Darling, it was all such a ghastly mistake. If you—" She stopped abruptly, and the sound of Hope Sefton talking sputtered like wireless, crackling from the instrument. Belinda's eyes opened wide and her lips parted. "But," she said, and was again stopped by the torrent of words pouring into her ear. "But, darling—" she began again. "Hope!" She looked incredulously at her brother. "She hung up on me!" she said.

WHAT did she say? Milo demanded.

"She said it was too bad about her car, but she'd send for it later," Belinda answered, looking stunned. "She said I could use her car—that it would probably run all right. She said it wasn't a bad bargain for me. She said—"

"Get out that car, Joe," Milo ordered. He glared at Belinda. "You'll fix things!" he said bitterly. "You may be hot stuff with a man, but you can't get to first base with another woman!"

The long gray car nosed out of the garage. "Know how to drive her, Milo?" Joe asked.

"Yes," said Milo.

Belinda's car was not outside the Deerings' house. Milo left the engine running and bounded up the steps. Janet Deering's eyes were bursting with excitement and curiosity. "She said she had a telegram from her father," she told him. "She said Belinda lent her her car—"

"Thanks, Janet," Milo cut her short, and tore back to the waiting machine.

Hope must be stepping on it, he reflected, as he crossed the East Dorset town line. His own foot urged the accelerator and, mounting a rise, he saw the tail of the roadster moving steadily along the turnpike. He let out a long sigh of relief, and the speedometer needle rose. In less than a minute he was close behind her, and he honked imperiously.

Belinda's car leaped forward as though he had prodded it, and tore up the straight road away from him. Milo stepped harder on the gas.

Fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five. Seventy... There was a curve ahead, beyond the next hill, and fear tightened his throat.

Braking the big car, he saw the roadster round the curve on two wheels, and sickness came up in a wave from his cold stomach. The girl was insane. She'd kill herself! The roadster was not heavy enough for such speed. His knuckles were white as his fingers clenched the wheel; his eyes were glazed with horror.

He had to stop her before she turned over. At this speed, it was murder. She went through the traffic light where the River Road crossed the turnpike and it was still red as he made the crossing. Seventy-five miles an hour, and his fender was almost touching the spare tire of the smaller car. Milo prayed and swung out. There was a second when the two cars were side by side; then he spurted ahead, put out his hand, and stopped.

His eyes had closed; his ears recorded the angry screaming of the brakes, and then silence. He got out, with his legs shaking so that he could barely stand, and she was sitting there behind the wheel, waiting for him. Both cars were right side up; there was a margin of six feet between them.

Milo said, "You fool! You brainless, witless idiot!" He reached forward and lifted her bodily from behind the wheel, and shook her. She was limp when he stopped shaking her, and she leaned weakly against the mudguard, staring at him. Her breath emerged quivering, half strangled, and he took her in his arms and nearly crushed her.

"Milo, you're hurting me!" she gasped.

THEY sat down together drunkenly on the running board, and he took her hands.

"If you'd been killed—" he said, his voice choked and agonized. "Why you *weren't* killed—"

"I was frightened, too," she said faintly.

Everything else was unimportant beside the fact that they were alive.

"I love you more than anything in this world," said Milo.

"Yes," she whispered, and dropped her head on his shoulder.

Later, when they were breathing normally, she said, "We can't stay here all day, Milo. What are we going to do?"

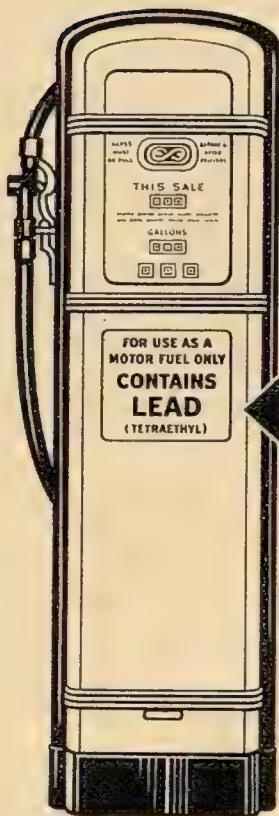
He led her forward to her own car, opened the door silently, and she got in. He carried her bags from the roadster and put them in the back.

"I was just thinking about Belinda," he said. "She's so full of ideas. She won't have any trouble finding her car, I'm sure. I'll leave the keys in it."

He got into the front seat, and sat, whistling between his teeth tunelessly, absently. Hope moved over and sat very close to him, waiting.

THE END

LOOK



THIS SIGN on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than three-fourths of all the motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.



THE "ETHYL" EMBLEM on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest grade of motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

REMEMBER!

*The better the gas -
the better your car!*

THIS MONDAY NIGHT... Tune in "Tune-Up Time," featuring Andre Kostelanetz and Tony Martin. Columbia Broadcasting System, 8 P.M., E.S.T.; 7 P.M., C.S.T.—10 P.M., M.S.T.; 9 P.M., P.S.T.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

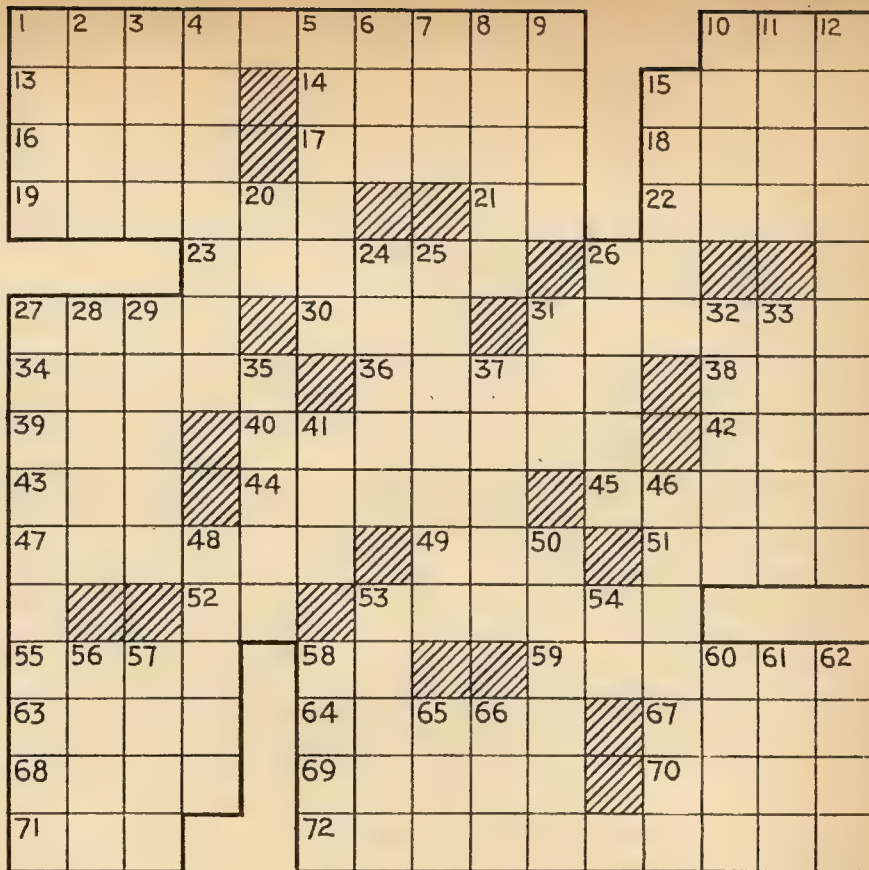
- 1 Cause of strange fevers, things bursting in the ground, followed by general uprisings
- 10 It shouldn't happen to a ---
- 13 A wisie
- 14 Rattled like a loose nut
- 15 A long scream from the lone aria-ranger (ouch!)
- 16 Force which causes world revolution
- 17 The dispossessed of Hitler
- 18 A ding in a ding-dong
- 19 Most striking part of the day
- 21 Where to stay when riding horseback
- 22 Woof from a comic-strip woof-woof

VERTICAL

- 23 Ann gets two calls here; what you'd call Ann in double talk
- 26 Roosevelt I (abbr.)
- 27 Bootlick
- 30 Negative part of snow
- 31 Jigtime
- 34 Knights were full of these cursed things
- 36 Nursery product
- 38 Greek tea
- 39 That old thing your wife complains about wearing
- 40 Oral baloney
- 42 What to give a windy candidate
- 43 Ye olde gravy catch
- 44 Political kaffee-klatch
- 45 They bark when you smack them
- 47 Arch thing about human dogs
- 49 Man with 33 teeth
- 51 Kitty food
- 52 Initials of great woman tennis star
- 53 Little boys are best when they're this
- 55 Kind of facto
- 58 Initials of No. 1 American
- 59 What chorus girls do to love
- 63 Zzzzzzz
- 64 Ethiopian robin
- 67 That Prince of Opera
- 68 It's used by small swordsmen and very dull, too

VERTICAL

- 69 What dictators do in the morning
- 70 Regan's po' ole pappy
- 71 Hitler no longer sees this when he sees one
- 72 A man-o'-war's young
- 1 Most common thing found in cellars
- 2 Rural cut-up and tool of the farm interests
- 3 A dream in France
- 4 Where it's usually 100 per cent cooler outside
- 5 Cow pasture pool tables
- 6 Unkindest cut of all (govt.)
- 7 Vee between eyes
- 8 Pickaninny patch
- 9 Scene of the first disposess
- 10 No stick-in-the-mud he
- 11 Oliver in Norway
- 12 This will soon be filled with the clash of irons, the smashing of wood, the cries of angry men, flying missiles and clods (two words)
- 15 Kind of rib Eve was made of
- 20 Varnished Nudists (abbr.)
- 24 Record of the year (not made by Venske)



CAD HALO DOLT LAG
ODE ARAB IDEA ERA
DONATE IDS AXIOMS
VENT APOSTIA
KEP ARENOSE GAPE
ELIDE EGEST POLED
ESE REAR EIREASE
PERIMETER AILERON
NIL TARGIN
PILSNER MONOCEROS
ETABEROS PARAWA
DEMOS METES NITER
OMEN MACADAM MEDE
LEANER LIMA
SATYRS DEW TOMATO
IRE SOME AGED CON
PEN ENID GORE ERE

Last week's answer

- 25 Deflated macaroni (pl.)
- 26 They're shady yet on the up-and-up
- 27 The secret of good gardening
- 28 A girl should be kissed this and this to insure silence
- 29 Workingman's compensations
- 31 Parents Slap Lum-moxes (abbr.)
- 32 This is spotty
- 33 Opposite of 'tis
- 35 Kinda toss things
- around
- 37 Tennyson was a member of this class
- 41 Mix-up in WPA
- 46 How marriages are supposed to end
- 48 In a word—they there
- 50 Sharper in the think tank
- 53 Wise to
- 54 Cherman eggs
- 56 Mehican muchacho
- 57 It will burst all
- over France this spring
- 58 Product of a noodle factory
- 60 It's moldy but it's awesome
- 61 Sail through the air with the greatest of eeee
- 62 Makes work for the preacher
- 65 Attach a key, and make a Scotch-Joosh drink
- 66 Difference between great and greatest

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



CAL SAYS: I always figger how much I can afford to pay and shop around to find the best value for that money. Old Drum suits my taste and fits my pocketbook.

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!



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HAVE you ever calculated that at least twenty-five hours out of every week, during at least nine months of the year, your children are at school? During that large proportion of the child's waking time, its moral, spiritual, and physical progress is under the guardianship of teachers, principals, and school officials.

How much of your child's waking time, for five days of the week, do you yourself see the child? How much of this time is he or she under your influence? During how much of it are children under the influence of men and women about whom you know very little or nothing? They are their guardians during those hours. They are your trustees, acting in your interest for the welfare of your child. You pay them to do that—but what do you know about it?

I am not trying to start a "teacher scare." Nor am I accusing the tens of thousands of men and women who are in our schools of anything. My point is simply *that parents are responsible for their children*, for their physical, mental, and spiritual development. Parents cannot lightly shift that responsibility to any one. The law requires the parents, in most states, to educate their children, usually in schools provided by the state. But no law can require a parent to ignore the kind of teaching the child receives. Moreover, parents ought to know something about the people who control their children's lives so largely.

Professor George S. Counts of Teachers College, New York City, has this to say: "Like all simple and unsophisticated peoples, we Americans have a sublime faith in education. . . . We are convinced that education is the one unfailing remedy for every ill to which man is subject, whether it be vice, crime, war, poverty, riches, injustice, racketeering, political corruption, race hatred, class conflict, or just plain original sin. *We even speak glibly and often about the general reconstruction of society through the school.*"

But do you send your children to school to achieve "the general reconstruction of society"?

Perhaps if you read Professor Counts' pamphlet, *Dare the School Build a New Social Order?* you would realize what some of the teachers have in mind and why some of the textbooks which your children are given to read are so antagonistic to what most of us regard as the American Way of Life. Let me quote just once more from Professor Counts to make my point clear:

"Also, since the [teaching] profession should embrace scientists and scholars of the highest rank, as well as teachers working at all levels of the educational system, it has at its disposal, as no other group, the knowledge and wisdom of the ages. It is scarcely thinkable that these men and women would ever act as selfishly or bungle as badly as have the so-called 'practical' men of our generation—the politicians, the financiers, the industrialists. If all of these facts are taken into account, instead of shunning power the professor should rather seek power and then strive to use that power fully and wisely and in the interests of the great masses of the people."

It seems to me that we pay taxes to pay teachers to teach our children, not to seek and use power. For that purpose we pay taxes and hire Presidents, governors, senators, congressmen, etc. But even then, do not Americans shun the idea of power? Do we not rather think of those who hold public office as servants of the people who select them? What can be in the mind of a teacher when he is seeking and using power? Has he not shifted his work from the patient, painstaking, peaceful job of opening the mind of the child to the ways of life, to the fierce struggle for might and power? Is every teacher to be a Hitler?

And these "'practical' men of our generation"—are they not the parents of many of our children? They are the men who pay the taxes; they have contributed to colleges; they have endowed universities; they have created the means of production and distribution which has given the American people the highest standard of living of any people on earth. Are their children to be told by teachers that their parents are phonies because they are practical? (Continued on third page following)

OUR CHILDREN'S

Guardians

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY



What do you know of the teachers to whom you entrust your boys and girls? Here are things that may surprise you

FOR GREAT OCCASIONS...

an even finer SCHLITZ



TODAY there is an *even finer Schlitz*. The keener your sense of taste, the more you'll appreciate this magnificent beer.

Here is a bottle of beer that is DRY *with a difference!* It is not only absolutely free from sweetness and heaviness, as any dry beer must be; it is equally free from the bitterness that is all too often confused with dryness.

This *even finer Schlitz* leaves no after-taste of either sweetness or bitterness. It is a buoyant beer. You don't need to drink it a week to learn to like it. *Have a bottle today!*



The shipments of Schlitz Beer to foreign countries exceed those of any other brewery in America.

That FAMOUS FLAVOR you get is the Flavor we BOTTLE

Air is necessary to sustain life but it is an enemy of beer. Even a tiny bit in the neck of a bottle can be ruinous to flavor. So Schlitz has perfected a special air-exclusion process

that takes the air out of the bottle an instant before the beer goes in. You get Schlitz with the *original* flavor—just as it was when it left the brewery



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Now identified by a NEW cream, brown and gold LABEL.

(Cont'd from third page preceding)

Who are these men and women to whom we entrust our children for so much of their young lives? What kind of people are they? What do they believe? What do they think?

The most aggressive organization of schoolteachers is the Teachers Union—an organization that has been denounced by its own members as being dominated by Communists, as I shall show.

In a report on this problem, Dr. O'Shea of the Board of Education in New York said:

"The radical group has slowly grown in number by the accession of young teachers of like temperament, who find in the destruction of established customs and principles, keen satisfaction. . . . No teacher who ardently holds an extreme view can avoid injecting it into his teaching. A sneer, an intonation of voice, an imperceptible gesture, a one-sided presentation, will carry their meaning to the impressionable children in the class."

Radical teachers have ridiculed this statement. Yet every one of us knows how differently a child will understand the same sentence if the intonation is changed. The "sarcastic" teacher is known in every school. She may teach what the curriculum requires, but by mere voice-shadings and shrugs it is possible to ridicule anything.

THE Teachers Union is not a professional but a labor organization, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. It engages in active politics, in lobbying in state legislatures and before Congress; it favors and opposes laws; it passes resolutions on general subjects. Thus we find Professor Jerome Davis, who was once ousted from the Yale Divinity School, addressing an annual convention of the American Federation of Teachers with the words: "We cannot betray the organized workers of America by fighting the C. I. O."

That was in 1937. In 1939 we find Professor Louis M. Hacker of Columbia University quitting the New York College Teachers Union in a controversy over the control of it by the Stalinists. He said: "When it becomes a trade-union in the real sense instead of simply a debating society for the purpose of following the Communist Party line wherever it zigzags, then I shall rejoin."

Even Professor George Counts, whom nobody will suspect of being a reactionary, said of this quarrel: "Unquestionably, that root [of the trouble in the Union] is factionalism, and a factionalism that is not derived primarily from American traditions. Until those liberal elements who in recent years have left are brought back, the union cannot hope to win the general support and confidence of the teaching profession."

On January 20, 1939, it was reported that the Central Trades and

Labor Council of Greater New York had suspended two teachers' unions for left-wing activities. Professor John L. Childs of Teachers College commented: "We have had an unrepresentative situation in the New York locals of the Teachers Union ever since 1935, when the left-wing political factions brought about the resignation of Professor John Dewey, Dr. Henry Linville, and 650 other members who subsequently formed the Teachers Guild."

A newspaper of that day quotes Dr. Linville as saying: "From 70 to 85 per cent of the public-school teachers in their union are led—or rather misled—by Stalin. This group dominates their local. The other members include Lovestone Communists, followers of Trotsky, Socialists, and 'innocents'—good souls who don't know what it's all about."

"The Communists, day in and day out, use the Teachers Union as a recruiting ground for 'the Party.' Their pet argument for joining up is that, if you belong to the union, you can't help having sympathy for what the Communist Party represents."

Matthew Woll, speaking at the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. in Miami, Florida, said:

"Indeed, the action of the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York is only the beginning. That was not so much an attempt to inject itself in the affairs of the teachers' local unions as it was to prevent those Communist-controlled teachers' unions invading the house of labor whose rules and requirements they so flagrantly disregard and treat with such utter contempt."

On May 23, 1939, an election was held of officers of the New York College Teachers Union, which the Daily Worker, official Communist paper, reported with this headline: TEACHERS ELECT MYERS PRESIDENT; DEFEAT RED-BAITERS.

NOW these remarks, taken almost at random from a large number of items on this subject, are given here simply to indicate how the Communists and their problems—the Stalinists, Trotskyists, Lovestonites, and the hosts of fellow travelers of every description—obtrude themselves upon our children. Is it any wonder that Building America, a magazine distributed among our children, in Volume IV, No. 8, seems concerned that:

"In the past few years a number of states have considered the passage of laws which barred the teaching of facts about debatable social problems such as Communism, Socialism, and democracy. Some of these laws have been passed, and students have been shut off from knowledge. Other laws have been defeated. Leading American educators on the whole have opposed the passage of such laws."

"The National Education Association, with 200,000 members of the teaching profession, declared in its 1936 resolutions:

"Teachers should have the right to unfettered [freedom of] teaching,

which will aid the child to adjust to his environment and to changing social conditions through the development of habits of sound thinking. The fundamental [basic] principles of American democracy, which should be taught, demand that students be informed concerning controversial issues. Teachers should have the privilege of presenting all points of view without danger of reprisal punishment by school administrations or by pressure groups in the community."

"Teachers should have the right"! But what about the parents? Do they have no rights? Are they to have no voice as to what their children should be taught? For instance, do you, a parent, think that children can appraise correctly a sentence like this: "One fact is common to all past ages, namely, the exploitation of one part of society by another"? That sentence was written by Karl Marx and heads a chapter in a textbook on modern history.

LET me put it this way: Has the school system a right to teach atheism to children of religious parents? I am sure that the answer to that must be a thunderous NO! Then why may teachers undermine the patriotism, the respect for the sacred traditions and heritage of Americans who believe in the kind of government we have in this country and who want their children to believe in it? If the parents believe in the capitalist way of life, if they earn their living and their children's living by that way, should teachers indoctrinate them with Socialism and Communism?

I say that I have the right to withdraw my child from a school in which the teacher tells him that the Supreme Court is a tool of the rich. I contend that it is wrong and evil to tell that to a boy or girl between thirteen and sixteen, when the mind is young, impressionable, pliable but not mature enough to distinguish the full significance of the statement. Even were such a statement true—and that I deny—I should still maintain that it is dangerous for all of us to have that said bluntly, without modifying, explanatory clauses. Professor Harold Rugg writes for young people:

"During this period the Supreme Court of the United States became a powerful influence in favor of Big Business. As you have already learned, the Republican party was sympathetic to Big Business. The long line of Democratic Presidents before the Civil War had appointed judges who were favorable to the Southern planters. Perhaps it was to be expected, therefore, that the long line of Republican Presidents from the beginning of the Civil War to the beginning of the World War should have made appointments which on the whole favored the capitalists."

Is that true? Is it what you send your child to school to learn? Is it what you expect your child to believe?

THE END

Calcutta

ADVENTURE

Thrills!—A tense novel of danger, a beauty, and a bizarre masquerade

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

AFTER two attempts are made on his life in the same day—one resulting in the death of Khodo, his native servant—Bruce MacBride, otherwise M-148 of the Criminal Investigation Department, decides not to enlist for the war but to remain on the job in Calcutta. His chief, Sir Eric Tarlton, encourages him to devote himself to a big gunrunning enterprise which apparently involves the Raj of Kapperpore, a shifty character known as Verdi, and an im-

portant businessman, Richard Warwick.

Bruce suddenly finds himself very much interested in Sir Eric's pretty Number Two secretary, Ginger Kay, who, in turn, seems taken with Philip Dudley, a hero of the World War. However, pretending to have been shot and taken to the hospital, Bruce disguises himself as his servant Khodo (secretly buried), and starts on the hidden trail of the gunrunners.

Through a stroke of luck, M-148, who was born in India and can talk various dialects, gets a place in Warwick's household as a bearer, under the major-domo Sankar. The other servants are Rodak Singh and Metha. Ironically,

Bruce as Khodo is also bribed by Warwick to spot any of his former master's police friends who may visit the house.

Late one night, Bruce is startled to discover that his chief's attractive new secretary, Miss Kay, is the lone guest of Mr. Warwick. Nervously she questions her host about this Khodo of his. Is the native to be trusted? Warwick reassures her and orders champagne.

Bruce had been eavesdropping. Now in his native disguise he comes into the room to serve the iced wine.

PART THREE—A BRUSH FROM THE WINGS OF DEATH

WARWICK'S eyes seemed to recede in his head. Bruce felt them piercing him as he came forward with his tray and bucket, and the rims of the glasses did not

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEEN COLEMAN



"It is a pity that thou must die, sahib," Metha went on. "May thy gods forgive me."

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E. H. Taylor & Sons *

* This signature is all you need look for to find Kentucky bourbon at its glorious best. For Kentucky never produced a finer whiskey than Old Taylor. It has stood for whiskey quality for more than fifty years—since the day when Old Taylor first won the acclaim of bourbon lovers and a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor Jr., proudly signed it with his name.



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New York

even tinkle against each other. Ginger Kay had leaned back on her stool. Resolutely Bruce kept his gaze from her face. His own face was still as Buddha's.

"Shall I open the bottle, sahib?"

"Yea."

The cork popped loudly in the silent room. Bruce's hand was steady as he filled the glasses.

"Is there anything more, lord?"

"Nay. But wait. Hast thou ever poured wine for this mem-sahib before?"

"Nay, sahib." Bruce did not glance up.

"Perhaps it was in Delhi, whence she came lately."

"I have never been there, lord. Is the wine of the right coldness, or shall I stir the ice in the bucket?"

Warwick turned with a smile to Ginger and spoke in English. "Khodo doesn't appear to remember you. Maybe he's just being a gentleman."

"I didn't say I'd seen him before; just that I heard his name. I don't know why I stared at him, except I feel a little queer about any one seeing me here."

Warwick turned again to Bruce. "Thou hast my leave to go."

Bruce did not at once resume his watch. He had been badly shaken by his glance over the precipice, and queerly depressed, too. He had liked Ginger Kay. That hour he had spent with her was vivid among his memories. Now he was faced with the possibility that she was an enemy spy.

He still declined to believe it. All evidence indicated that she was the hail-fellow-well-met that he had judged her, liking a good time, and flattered by the attentions of this wealthy urbane man. There was no sign, however, that she could protect herself against him. Bruce dragged himself back to the crack in the door.

FOR a long time he could catch only occasional words. Then the growing silence of the night, perhaps the delicate tuning of his ears to their voices, began to bring him the drift of their conversation.

"I'm surprised that you'd want to go out with an office girl," Ginger said, when Warwick took her hands.

"What difference could that make to me, when I saw you enter that tea-room?"

"It's the first date I've had since I came from Delhi—unless I count going to a Chinese restaurant the first night. And do you know the man I was with was shot that same night?"

"You don't mean it! I read something about a shooting—MacBride was the name, I think."

"That's the man. A nice young Scotsman. I was awfully shocked to hear it."

"Quite a mystery, isn't it? I heard he had a theory, though—he knew too much about some underhand business going on. Didn't he tell Sir Eric so?"

"Well, Sir Eric warned me against talking, but it's such an interesting affair, and the poor man hadn't left

me twenty minutes when it happened."

"Ginger, you sweet." Warwick leaned forward, trying to draw the girl into his arms, but she laughed and drew away. "I've an idea you know even more than they want you to know. It's thrilling, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't tell you anything important, Richard. There's no harm in this case, though. In the record I saw two explanations for the shooting. One was 'terrorist activities.' The other was 'revenge.'"

Warwick nodded with satisfaction. As the light caught his eyes they gleamed bright.

Bruce need hear no more tonight. Plainly only the official records of the C. I. D., not its secret archives, had been open to Sir Eric's new assistant secretary. Tomorrow—

Bruce reached to close the door. When he touched it, it cracked sharply.

There was no time to duck to his pantry. There was only time to think fast and hard, emergency thinking, and to summon those reserve powers of mind with which his life's training and thought had endowed him. Warwick had sprung from his chair. Wonderfully nimble for such a heavy man, he reached the doorway in half a dozen swift silent strides. He flung the door wide. As the soft light from the living room revealed the eavesdropper, his right hand dived under his left armpit.

"What the devil—"

With the frantic gesture of an excited native, Bruce touched his finger to his lips.

"Be still, sahib," he whispered. "Mem-sahib will take warning."

"What is this?" Warwick still kept his hand on his gun, but there was a conflict of emotions in his face.

"Did she hear my signal? I tried to catch thy eye, sahib—"

"What is this folly? Wert thou not listening to the talk? Speak!"

A feigned look of bewilderment passed over the dark face. "Didst thou not tell me to let thee know—"

"If any police sahibs came here. Dost thou mean that the mem-sahib—?"

"Sahib, she is an office girl at C. I. D. headquarters. My sahib had said so."

"Ar-eh, jungly [You fool]! Didst thou think I did not know it? Go to thy pantry."

"Yea, heaven-born." Bruce looked crestfallen.

"I am not ungrateful for thy zeal, Khodo, even though tonight it was misplaced."

"Thank thee, protector of the poor!"

THE high gods of India, not often friendly to sahibs, did Bruce a trifling favor the next morning. On the very day fated for him to want an excuse from service at the house, they had provided a Hindu feast to one of their divinities, and Warwick had granted a holiday to his whole staff. By ten o'clock Bruce had made

sure he was not being followed and had entered a pay telephone booth in a native store.

A few minutes later Dr. Cross, a C. I. D. agent, admitted him to the spare interne's quarters he had occupied before. After his bullet scratch was examined, Bruce requested the same safeguards against another attack—the door locked on the outside and the key removed, leaving a duplicate key in Bruce's charge so that he could come and go. No visitors were to be admitted unless Bruce were warned previously by the house telephone.

"There've been some flowers," Dr. Cross told him. "I sent them to other rooms. And there's that little bag, sent you by a Miss Kay."

When the doctor had withdrawn, Bruce removed from the bag his bathrobe, pajamas, and slippers, as well as an extra pipe, some tobacco, a bottle of whisky, and a book he had been reading the night before the shooting. In the bottom was a note:

Here are your comfies. I invaded your fortress and had a deuce of a time with your man Friday. He was just as stubborn as you are and even looked a little like you. He gave me the lowdown on you too, my lad, and although I don't want to be spurned like the others, please do get well soon.

BRUCE smiled over the note, but he wished it had been written by Ginger's own hand, instead of dashed off on the office machine. Perhaps this feeling was just a holdover from his long dealings with shady characters who took pains to conceal their handwriting.

Bruce took off his wig and native garments, and after half an hour's work with paint remover, he was ready for a bath, some white man's clothes and food, and a drink of whisky. Then the doctor admitted Sir Eric Tarlton into his apartment.

They talked long and earnestly. Bruce would still work alone, except for wire-tapping and gunrunning investigations that would not alarm the enemy. Still, he could not bring himself to expose Ginger Kay.

"Miss Kay is still with you?" Bruce asked.

"Yes." Sir Eric seemed mildly startled. "Why do you ask?"

"She's proved a good secretary—perfectly trustworthy and all that?"

"A shade too enterprising perhaps—"

"Well, I'd like to talk to her—about the attack at the dock."

"I doubt if she can tell you anything, but a little feminine society will do you good after your week's blackout. I'll send her up."

Sir Eric left. Bruce locked the door, then looked through a bundle of late native newspapers, procured by Dr. Cross. These burned with anti-British feeling—there was the sense of a gathering storm—but Bruce was more interested in the accounts of Rama, the new holy man of Parbatipur. Could this saintly figure, captur-

ing the imagination of all India, be the seat of the trouble, after all?

And then the whole dark business faded from Bruce's mind. Dr. Cross telephoned from his laboratory that Miss Kay was waiting below and an orderly would show her up. Before Bruce unlocked the door, he slipped into his bathrobe and lay down on the bed, quite like a convalescent invalid. A C. I. D. man first and always, he must not trust Ginger Kay too far.

It seemed to him that in admitting Ginger, the orderly also let in a breath of the outdoors, a shaft of sunlight. Her eyes were notably blue.

"Well, you poor old thing," she began.

"I feel pretty young and rich right now," Bruce replied gallantly.

Meanwhile he was watching her eyes, jaw muscles, and throat. She had seen him twice in his native garb. Now that she saw him as himself, would a haunting resemblance hurl her to the truth? He had played his part well. The gulf was too wide for her lively imagination to bridge.

"Why have they put you up here, away from everybody?" Ginger asked. "To keep some one from shooting at you some more? Was the Anglo-Indian who came up behind us your bodyguard?"

"Turn the key in the door." Bruce spoke quietly. And when her quick fingers had complied—and her quick tongue had jested about being locked up with him—he added:

"What Anglo-Indian?"

"He was dressed like an interne, but it would be just like a clever detective—"

"Sit down, Ginger. I should say he *was* an interne—many of them are half-castes. You've got a wonderful imagination, but if you'll curb it for a minute, I'm going to ask *you* to be a detective."

"Oh, I'd love it."

"There's just a chance that you saw the man who shot me nine days ago."

"Well, I was with you just a few minutes before—"

"And you were on the scene for the first attack—at the wharf. I saw you."

"Goodness, it's a wonder you haven't had me arrested."

Bruce laughed. An unaccountable gaiety filled him when he was with Ginger. For the moment he almost forgot his main reason for summoning her here.

"You were looking for me in the crowd," he went on. "Did you see anything suspicious?"

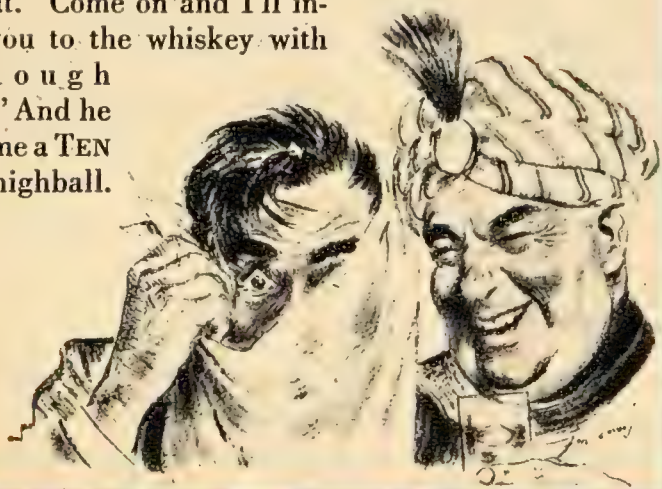
"Let me try to remember. I'd decided to push through the crowd and speak to you, when a man forced me aside and got right behind you."

"Then what?"

"Some other people crowded between us, and I got out of the jam until I could catch you alone. Then the same man pushed past me in a hurry and disappeared."

Just then the house telephone rang.

1 "You're now a royal member of the Powhat Lodge," says Ben Norris, as he helps me off the goat. "Come on and I'll initiate you to the whiskey with No Rough Edges." And he hands me a TEN HIGH highball.



2 "Here's to the Powhat Lodge," I toast. "And believe me, this TEN HIGH sure Doubles My Enjoyment of becoming a member. I call this a real initiation!"

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In respect for Bruce's injury, Ginger moved quickly and took the call. When she turned, Bruce did not miss her brightened look.

"Phil Dudley's below and wants to come up," she announced.

It was like a splash of water in the face. Aristocratic Phil Dudley had been duty-bound to call. Ginger had told him when to come. All her business with Bruce passed out of her head as she waited to admit her friend.

"By Jove," Phil burst out, "you're lookin' heaps better than I expected!"

"He's had some medicine from his native heather," Ginger answered, pointing to the bottle of Scotch whisky on a table by the wall.

"Fancy you're pretty good medicine for him too, old girl. MacBride, take your time gettin' well. I tried to rush it once—maybe if I hadn't—"

A LOOK of bitterness fled swiftly across the fine face. Bruce did not doubt he was thinking of his stiff leg, barring him from his place at the front.

"And when you do get up, don't let that terrorist Johnny have another pot at you," Phil went on.

"Where did you hear it was a terrorist job, Dudley? Very few people know I'm associated with the government."

"Some chappie said so. Who in the deuce was it? Asked me if Sir Eric had told me anything about the case."

That "chappie" was probably Warwick, Bruce thought. Phil would make a good C. I. D. man. They chatted a few minutes, and Phil rose to leave.

"You'll not get to the trenches right away, old son," he said. "Comin', Ginger?"

She glanced at Bruce. "I've got Mr. Warner's car, so I'll stay and hold his hand a minute more."

Phil spoke casual good-bys and limped out. Ginger's eyes followed his gallant figure, then locked the door behind him. Bruce spoke a little brusquely.

"Well, we'd better go back where we were," he said. "You were telling me about the man you saw at the wharf."

"Bruce, is that what you call holding hands?" Ginger seemed to speak lightly.

"I thought perhaps you were in a hurry."

"He was a half-caste, slender, about medium height, and dressed in white. That's all I can say—but I'd know him if I saw him again."

As she spoke, she stood proudly, the light through the sun blind glinting her hair, a striking picture. Bruce let it go, to recall a picture of blood and darkness. The gunman had been a full-blooded native, he thought. He had heard the patter of naked feet. Plainly the gang had many killers at its beck and call.

"Have you told any one about this, Ginger?" he asked.

"I may have spoken of it to Phil, when I told him about the shooting. I'm almost certain that I didn't tell any one else."

"Almost certain. Well, make it entirely certain from now on."

"Bruce, is it as bad as that?"

"If the gang believed there was any danger of you identifying the would-be murderer, do you think your pretty face and youth and splendid life would save you?"

"That's a nice description, Bruce."

"You don't like to face it, do you? Well, you've got to face more than that. Who else have you been out with, Ginger?"

She stiffened. "Do you think you have the right to ask that?"

"Perhaps not. I want to know, though."

"I haven't been out with Mr. Dudley. We just had a nice talk. I was out only once, with a nice man named Warwick."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he's darned attractive. Isn't that enough?"

"Why did he pick you? Because you're darned attractive?"

"Well, I'd rather like to think so."

"I don't know anything about Warwick, either," Bruce lied, "other than he's a wealthy important man

not likely to pay court to an office girl. But I do know that there's a war in Europe, and you're in a confidential position with the C. I. D."

"I suppose I ought to be angry—but I'm not."

"For heaven's sake, mind your tongue. That's what I'm trying to tell you. That's your job."

"Well, I must say you don't mince words."

Bruce sighed. "And I wanted you to like me, Ginger."

Her expression changed quickly. "I think I do—rather," she said, glancing at her wrist watch. "Well, my time's up."

Her exit was as cheerful and as colorful as her entrance. Bruce did not at once rise to lock the door behind her. All energy, it seemed all purpose, had forsaken him for the moment.

Just then some one knocked on his door. Ginger had hardly time to reach the elevator; had she left a purse or a glove?

"Who's there?"

"Boy wee' flower," came the guttural answer.

There had been a mix-up of orders downstairs, or the boy would not have been directed to his room.

"Take them back to the reception desk," Bruce ordered. He began to steal off the bed to lock the door.

APPARENTLY the messenger did not understand the command. Bruce's feet had hardly touched the floor when the door began to open. He hardly had time to sink back in the pillows, the coverlet drawn to his waist. Then he saw the bearer's face.

What else he saw in that brief, black time, possibly two seconds and perhaps five, before he could gather his forces to fight, was almost too terrifying to watch. Defeat. He had felt so safe that he had not even investigated Ginger's report of an "interne" following her to his room. Defeat would be getting off easy.

The native in his room was Metha, the little Madrasi with inflamed eyes who worked in Warwick's kitchen.

"Flower for sahib," Metha was saying in typical native English. "And here is a book for sahib to sign."

Halfway across the room the man stopped. His inflamed eyes seemed to grow more red; his brown hand whipped under his gown. Bruce watched to see if the the pistol would tremble, but it did not.

"Do not move, white man," Metha told him in Hindustani.

Bruce remained perfectly still, except for his racing thoughts. There was no call bell on his bedstead. The house telephone was six feet distant and could as well be sixty. True to his role, he had not armed himself with a pistol for his great adventure—it would have been too hard to conceal—and his only weapon was a thin-hilted knife he had worn across his waist under his robe. That knife was out of reach among his native outfit in the closet.

But this was not the worst. The door flung open. Only for the time it took for Bruce to turn his eyes did he dare hope that help had arrived in sufficient force to save him. Instead, what had been a simple thing of struggle and danger, the fate of every spy, became suddenly terribly complicated. In the doorway stood Ginger Kay.

Metha need only swing his arm in a short arc to cover her. Bruce saw her eyes wide and round. Her throat worked—and if she screamed—

"Come in, missy, and shut the door," Metha said in English. He was an able operator.

"Do what he says, Ginger," Bruce added quickly.

GINGER did not scream. Her eyes raced, taking in the whole picture. Slowly she moved into the room and softly shut the door behind her.

"Lock the door," Metha ordered.

Ginger turned the key.

"Now back against the wall. I have no business with you, missy. I thought you had gone."

"Do exactly what he says," Bruce directed again.

"The sahib gives good advice," Metha murmured in Hindustani. "I will not harm thee, mem-sahib, if thou wilt stand still and make no sound."

"I don't understand Hindustani," Ginger answered. Her voice was trembling, but Bruce gained the impression that she had considerable reserve strength. Actually she had quite a fair command of the native tongue. Certainly her position was stronger if Metha thought he could talk freely in her presence.

"He says he won't harm you, if you'll make no sound or movement," Bruce interpreted.

"Then we will go on with our business, sahib," Metha said.

"Is the business robbery?" Bruce asked. "My purse is under my pillow."

Metha smiled faintly. "The sahib is cunning."

"Then thou art a terrorist, come to assassinate me—the same that shot me through the window. Dost thou think thou canst escape from here alive?"

"The sahib is most cunning. But he need not be so alarmed. I am no terrorist, and my master has sent me here only to question thee."

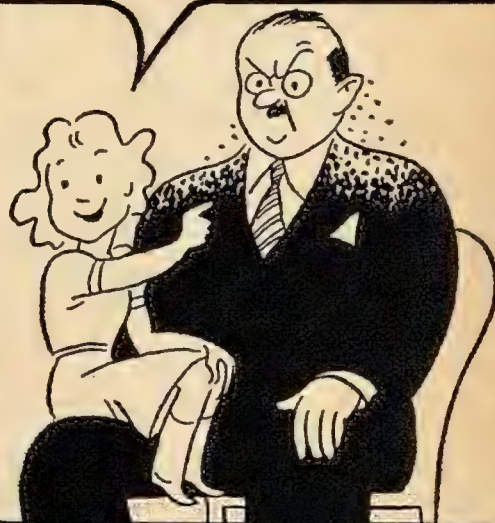
Bruce's brain was working at terrific intensity. It was entirely possible that Metha spoke the truth, and if he became convinced that Bruce was not dangerous to his master's cause, he might hold his fire. But the longer he stayed in the room, the greater the danger of him recognizing Bruce as Khodo—and once he started killing he might not stop.

Bruce began his battle, praying that Ginger's danger had not warped his judgment, led him wrong.

THY master has sent thee here in broad daylight to question me?" Bruce scorned.

"The danger is not mine, sahib."

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"Are ye both fools? There are watchers posted all over the building, to see who comes and goes. Many already know thou hast come up here with flowers. If we are found slain, thou wouldst be hunted down like a mad dog. But if thou goeth quickly, the chase will be short and soon forgotten."

"Thou canst not frighten me, sahib. No one saw me take the flowers from the florist boy."

"Fool, the attendant sahib saw thee, and thought enough of it to speak to me on the telephone. A Madrasi with red eyes, he told me, and he will remember thee well. True, he thought it was some loiterer hoping for *baksheesh* [a tip], so I did not lock the door—"

"It is a trick, sahib. The door was unlocked because I hid in the hall until mem-sahib left."

"The boy even gave thy name."

"Thou liest to my teeth. I had never seen him before."

"Have it thy own way—*Metha*."

The man flung back a step. It was as though Bruce were reaching for and could almost touch victory. He failed because he had underestimated his enemy. Instead of flying into a panic, this little red-eyed Madrasi kept his pistol leveled on Bruce's breast and used his head.

"I am honored that a sahib knows my name," he said thoughtfully.

"Thou wilt be full of honors, *Metha*, if it is posted on every board with a price on thy head."

But Bruce was no longer betting on this card. To have played it at all was a deadly mistake. Now he was merely trying to deflect his enemy's thoughts, which were groping for the explanation of how Bruce had learned his name. If *Metha* found the answer—perceived that Bruce was *Khodo*—what of *Ginger*, lovely and innocent? He need not ask his own fate.

Metha took a quick glance at *Ginger*. She had moved a little nearer him, but her white face told nothing.

"I have never seen thee before, mem-sahib, so it was not from thee."

"What is he saying, Bruce?" *Ginger* asked. Her voice was steadier now. And suddenly Bruce realized that, given the least chance, she would be an ally.

"*Metha* won't believe that his presence here is known to people below."

She turned her eyes on *Metha*. "Then you're a fool. The lift boy knows, because I saw you and asked him who you were."

"Mem-sahib is very brave."

"He didn't know, and I told him to inquire, while I came back here."

"For the sahib's sake, mem-sahib, I hope he gives no alarm. If some one should knock on the door, this little gun will speak to sahib—quickly. Now be still."

Metha turned to Bruce and spoke again in Hindustani.

"Sahib, it was not from the florist boy that thou didst learn my name, and I would swear I have seen thy face not long ago."

Bruce battled on. "Perhaps nine days ago—standing on a box—looking through my window."

"Nay, heaven-born, or thou wouldst not be here now. Why did the evil one shoot thee?"

"Who can understand every dog's bark on the street? Perhaps some terrorist, as thou art, knew I served the government."

"Nay, sahib. It is not good to lie when this little black eye looks at thy heart. Thou wert shot because thou hadst heard what was not meant for thy ears."

"That is my daily business as a spy." Bruce spoke much too casually, trying to give the impression that he was up to something—not hiding what he knew, but trying to find out what he did not know. "What was the occasion, *Metha*?"

"By my gods, sahib, thou art a worthy foe."

Still keeping his guard on Bruce, *Metha* began to glance about the room. What was he looking for? Now his eyes roamed to the closet.

Bruce got ready for the most desperate hazard of his life. *Metha* was moving toward the closet. In it were the trappings of his masquerade.

There was just a chance that *Metha* would not recognize them. It did not win. Bruce knew by his foe's swift turn toward him, the wrist stiffening, the gun steadying, when he had opened the door and glanced in.

"I see now—old friend," *Metha* whispered.

"You see now why thee and all thy friends are known to the police."

"Not yet, sahib, or arrests would have been made. Even the great plan is not yet known—and now it will never be known."

"Remember the pistol will be heard. Thou canst not escape alive."

But even if it worked—the hundredth chance that he could still frighten *Metha* off—it was not enough. The motif of this act of the drama had changed. To escape with his life was not enough. *Metha* must not leave this room.

"There is no one in hearing, sahib. And if I fall, the English lords of Hind will follow me soon."

"It is a pity that thou must die, sahib," *Metha* went on. "Thou wert India-born, and it is said that thou hast always felt for us; but many innocent must perish with the guilty before the Great Day is won. May thy gods forgive me, sahib."

In his earnestness, his guard had relaxed a little. Bruce took a furtive glance at *Ginger*. She was moving a little to one side, more and more from the line of fire. Screened by the spread, he began to draw his knees slowly upward.

How can Bruce escape this bullet? Luck was with him twice before, but will she favor him again? Who or what is behind this Hindu's attack—some slick sahib or murder gang? Your next week's *Liberty* is going to make you catch your breath with swift surprise!

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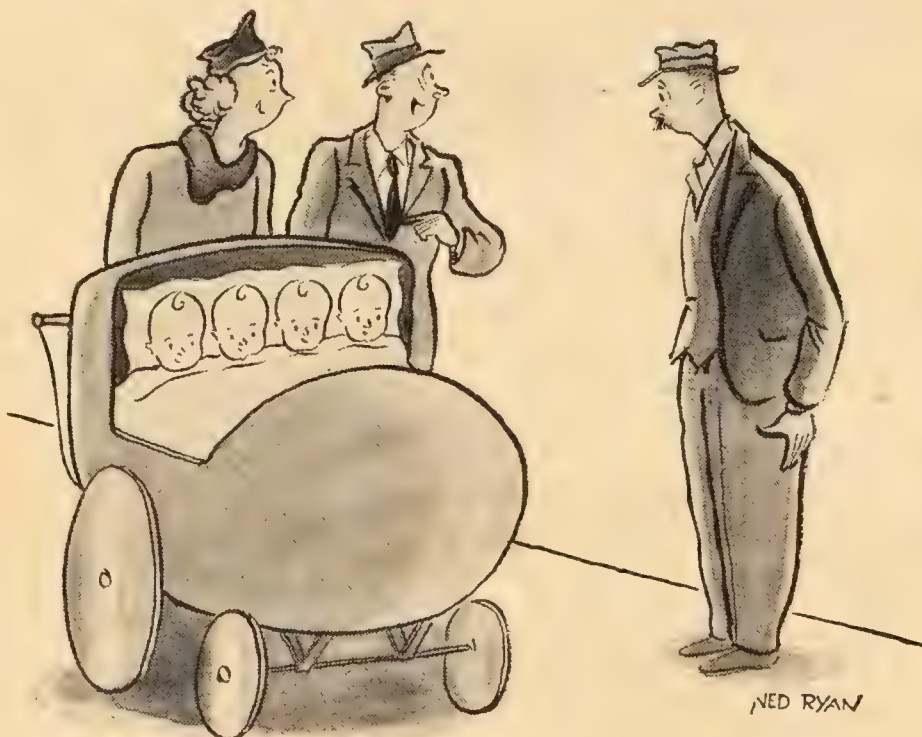
LUCINDA BALLARD, talented red-head from New Orleans, has reached Broadway success despite the fact that her only appearance before the footlights came recently when a director dragged her out from backstage to take a bow just as she was: in wild dishevelment after twenty-eight unrelieved hours of work, furiously chewing gum, a big pair of shears in one hand, a paintbrush in the other. . . . The audience clapped hands with enthusiasm, for costumes and scenery designed by Lucinda rank high among the popular features of such shows as the newest Rodgers & Hart musical, *Higher and Higher*. . . . The private career of this interesting junior matron includes two youngsters of her own, Robert and Jennifer, six and five. They sometimes embarrass her by impulsively inviting *all* their schoolmates to free matinees. . . . Working (she's always working) on costume sketches while she talked with me at her studio, Mrs. Ballard reviewed a few of her professional headaches. . . . Worst panic of her career—so far—was caused by a dancer's mother who sneaked her girl's costume home and remade it to suit her own fancy—throwing the entire scheme of the scene out of joint half an hour before curtain time on opening night!

Amid the riot that resulted, most of the chorus boys, cast as satyrs, put on their horns and goat beards upside down.

★ Here are two costume tricks any girl can apply to a party dress: Shading the sides of the bodice to a darker tone will help you look smaller waisted. Light padding under the arms also helps.

★ For twelve long years the wife of a handsome teacher at a rich girls' school sat back and hushed her feelings while he flirted harmlessly but ever so annoyingly with his prettiest pupils. He teaches Romance languages, as you might expect. Some months ago his wife inherited quite a lot of wealth from a rather distant relative. The legacy came as a complete surprise, and she kept it secret from her husband. With it she bought the school—and her very first act, as owner, was to fire him! They have been wintering in Florida. Next year he'll teach at a *boys'* school; his new-moneyed wife will see to that!

★ At last I've heard a reasonable explanation of Chinese music. Heard it from China's number one literary man, Lin Yutang, at a Chinese New Year's party given by Peggy and J. P. McEvoy. "Our music sounds so earsplitting," said Lin, "because it originated as a form of *advertising*. Street mummery and acrobats were our first musicians. They made their



"This is my wife, Albert. She used to be the mimeograph operator at the office."

music as noisy as possible to whoop up business in our tumultuous city streets and market places."

Commercial sponsors of certain radio programs ought to love Chinese music!

★ Named for the monks who are said to have invented this fish delicacy, *Sole Benedictine* has long been a Paris favorite during Lent. . . . Start by mashing potatoes and salt cod together as for fish cakes, but use oven-baked potatoes instead of boiled. Beat mixture fluffy with a little olive oil and warm cream. Spread in buttered fireproof dish. Now poach fillets of sole in acidulated water with 1 stalk celery, 1 bay leaf. Drain fillets well and arrange them on the bed of potato and cod. Dust with nutmeg, cover with white cream sauce; sprinkle with chopped parsley; brown lightly in oven and serve with a salad of fresh water cress and halved white grapes.

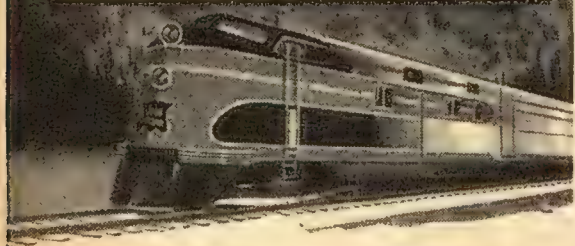
★ Some antique dealers here find melancholy fault with Europe's present conflict. "It's not like the last war," one of them told me, "when we bought rare old silver in England at bargain prices. This time they're *burying* their valuables underground! Merchants as well as private owners have taken to hiding fine plate and jewelry in carefully concealed holes, many of which are sure to be lost track of through forgetfulness or mislaid records."

The above news item previews an odd probability: . . . Future generations of English heirs digging up family acres in search of missing treasure.

★ Early American life emerges from the bedclothes in Florence Peto's entertaining new book, *Historic Quilts*. (Published by the American Historical Company, New York.)

★ Apparently there are two ways in which man's boiling soul can let off steam by writing letters of indignation—letters of outraged justice addressed to railroads, gas companies, any offending utility corporation, or sometimes to obnoxious individuals. One way is the H. T. Webster way. Cartoonist Webster (of Caspar Milquetoast fame) writes letters of bitterest venom—but never mails them. Instead, he reads them aloud with gusto at his wife's dinner parties. . . . The other way is the way of author Manuel Komroff, who writes them *and* mails them. "No good to me socially," protests Mrs. Komroff. "He doesn't even keep copies!"

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Detroit Convention and Tourists Bureau photo.



Washington State
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YOU still have time to enter Liberty's annual contest, test your knowledge of vacation resorts, and win your share of the \$2,000 cash prizes. You can start direct from this page. Read the Rules carefully and work out the solutions as directed. Perhaps you can solve some if not all of Coupon 4 without reference to vacation literature. Perhaps you will find maps and travel books necessary. They are obtainable in profusion and for the asking.

Reprints of the first three contest coupons have been prepared to help you make up lost ground if you are just entering. Enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing and send your request to the address in Rule 6. The next coupon of the series will appear in Liberty next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks ending in the issue dated May 18, 1940, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these jumbles can be unscrambled into the name of a well known vacation resort, area, or a popular transportation route used by vacationists. Example: NOTADAY—DAYTONA. In the interests of clarity and brevity, River, Lake, Mountains, and Island will be omitted from jumbles in this contest. Example: MANITOULIN ISLAND would appear in this contest simply as MANITOULIN.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumbled name in the space provided.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where, in North America, I would best like to spend a vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of accompanying statement. The entry with the largest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be judged the best and will receive a \$500 First Prize. The five next best entries will be awarded \$100 each. The 200 entries next in order of excellence will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All winning entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Friday, May 17, 1940, the closing date of this contest.



New England Council photo.

USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON—No. 4

Jumble	Solution
1. MENDAC	
2. SHIRKBEERS	
3. APALOCSEN	
4. NIGEACHIBARIV	
5. ESMOODAHE	
6. CLAMNAHIP	
7. EASADANP	
8. CUSNOT	
9. NOTSOPATHUM	
10. RAROHBARB	



"I've got to see you alone. I've got to. When?"

THE *Girl* NEXT DOOR

BY ERIC HATCH

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Bradley Norton, member of the Long Island hunting set, loses his money and accepts a job as driver of a midget racing car owned by William, butler to his neighbors the Carltons, Cynthia Carlton is pleased at his willingness to earn a living rather than live on the bounty of his rich friends.

Cynthia and Bradley are in love; but Bradley's wife, Florence, from whom he is separated, refuses to give him a divorce. According to the separation agreement, Bradley has to pay her a thousand dollars a month—which leaves him exactly nothing for himself.

Bradley races the midget car in Vermont, and wins. But after the race the car is burned when another car crashes into it, and he goes back to Long Island to work as a mechanic in Bob McCail's garage. With nothing to look forward to financially, and with his romance at a standstill, he becomes bored and downhearted. Cynthia is bored too, and when Tommy Baker, a former suitor, comes to see her, she greets him enthusiastically, much to Bradley's annoyance.

PART FIVE—LOVE OUT OF TUNE

BRADLEY felt a sudden pang, not so much of jealousy as of sheer envy. Tommy Baker, with his youth and his polo and his racing and fox hunting, was so exactly like he

himself had been. Ten years ago he would have come into the room just so, and Cynthia's eyes would have lighted up the way they did now and she would have raced to greet him. Though it was nighttime, Tommy Baker brought sunlight into the room with him.

"Hello, Tommy."

"Hi, Mr. Norton!"

Bradley winced at the "Mr." He wasn't *that* old. Tommy shook hands with him and with Carlton, and then with Isabelle. Carlton beamed at him. Isabelle didn't, though she tried to. She was thinking, to put it baldly, that her chick was in a spot. In her vague way she seemed to remember that Cynthia had been almost engaged to Tommy Baker when he went away.

Sudden drama quickens a sparkling tale of two hearts in a perilous tangle

"How nice, Tommy! You've been to Canada, haven't you? You and your father. Fishing. What were you fishing for?"

"Salmon," said Tommy.

"And I suppose you're just full of fish, aren't you? Fred, Tommy's been fishing for smoked salmon. I do love it. Tommy, such a lot has happened since you left! William bought a racing car and Bradley burned it up."

Cynthia, who had thrust her arm through Tommy's while he went around shaking hands, suddenly looked at Bradley and freed her arm. Instinctively she reached up and felt the small brave diamond ring that hung under her dress on a silk ribbon. She colored and the light in her eyes faded. Up until this moment she had felt only the restraint imposed on her by her family. Now, for the first time, she felt restraint because of Bradley. She shouldn't have kissed Tommy. She'd always kissed Tommy. Now she mustn't.

BRADLEY saw her expression reflect her thoughts. It made him bitterly unhappy. He thought, I can't hold her now. He crossed to a table and fixed Tommy Baker a drink. The boy gave him an odd look. Bradley was acting as though he lived there at the Carlton house. He took the drink and said "Thanks," and taking Cynthia's hand dragged her down on the sofa beside him.

"Now!" he said. "Tell me all about you since I went away!"

This friendly and innocent remark produced stunned silence. Isabelle, who had been sinking to the piano bench, stopped halfway. Then she straightened and with an intentionally silly laugh said, "You tell us all about your trip first, Tommy. Did you have flies?"

Tommy looked from face to face. He knew something was wrong but he didn't know what.

"Why, no," he said; "we used lures."

"Oh," said Isabelle. "I always use citronella—or Sweet Dreams. In the Adirondacks the flies are fierce. Canada must be about the same, I should think. Fred doesn't like citronella. He says it sounds like a tune."

"Dardanella," said Fred Carlton.

"But it's so dated," said Isabelle. "Bradley, get something nice on the radio."

Bradley went to the console and found music. He turned it up loud so that it would act as a screen for any subsequent conversation that might get awkward. He saw Tommy take Cynthia's hand, saw her accept the gesture until her eyes met his, then saw her pull her hand quickly away. The pang of envy was mingled with jealousy now. Cynthia wanted to be cozy with Tommy Baker. He guessed she was feeling as though the ring hanging from the ribbon round her neck was a millstone. He tossed off his drink.

"I'm going to push along to bed," he said. "Bob and I've got an early job on our hands."

"Oh, don't go," said Tommy. "Just because I . . ."

Bradley smiled at him.

"I'm a workingman, Tommy," he said. "You wouldn't know about that. Good night, Fred. Mrs. Carlton. Night, Cynnie dear."

From habit he reached over to kiss her good night. Unconsciously she pulled her face away. Then, suddenly ashamed, she quickly kissed him.

"Good night, Bradley."

Tommy Baker's eyes widened. Then they narrowed to angry slits. He knew now—and he didn't like it. Bradley Norton was a married man. Cynthia Carlton was his, Tommy's, best girl. Apparently he'd got home just about in time! He watched Bradley walk from the room, and though Bradley Norton had been one of his heroes, he hated him.

Isabelle, her heart sad, hurried after Bradley. She came up with him as he was getting into the dilapidated car Bob McCail had given him for his own use. She put her hand on his arm.

One foot still on the running board, he turned.

"Did I forget something?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Bradley, I just wanted to speak about Cynthia. I know I'm a silly woman, but I do understand people. I suppose it's because I've seen so many. Of course everybody sees lots of people, don't they? Especially in the summer?"

Bradley smiled at her. She was so nice.

"Now, about Cynnie," she went on. "She and Tommy have always been just like that." She held up two fingers crossed. "Her kissing him hello and letting him hold her hand doesn't mean a thing, Bradley."

Bradley didn't agree but he said, "Oh, I'm not worried about that! Just have to go to work early."

Isabelle knew he was lying. His voice was much too casual.

"Brad, it's just that Tommy's so intriguing. You know." She searched hard in the wool under her skull for something that would give him comfort. "You know," she said again. "Just the way you used to be!"

OF all the things she might have said, this was the worst. Bradley's mouth dropped open in astonishment. With her rare instinct for hitting the wrong nail on the head, she had summed up in that one phrase every gloomy thought he'd had for the past two weeks. He closed his mouth with a snap. Then he began to laugh. This was funny—funny the way only things based on tragedy can be really funny. Isabelle, thinking everything was so dandy, laughed with him. He got into the car, said good night again.

So that was it. Intriguing. O. K. He'd show that Tommy whether he could be intriguing or not! He skidded out of the driveway on two wheels. He continued talking to himself in this challenging vein for all of a mile before it dawned on him that, however you looked at it, a twenty-

five-dollar-a-week garage helper cannot possibly have appeal. All he can have is dirty overalls and hopes, and, like the overalls, the hopes in time grow dingy.

THE next day Bradley Norton was in the frame of mind that causes men who can afford it to go to the South Sea Islands, and men who cannot afford that to go to Jack's Place and get roaring drunk. He was ripe for anything to happen to him—and, as is often the way, something did. Noble Pierce happened to him. He drove up in a magnificent green roadster and blew his horn for service. From the time he'd made his first million, which was when he was around thirty, Noble Pierce had been getting service. He would have got it this time, except that Bob McCail was under the tow car, and Bradley, chancing to look through the office window, saw to his horror that Florence Norton—beautiful, cruel, cold Florence Norton—was sitting by Pierce's side. He hustled Bob out from under the tow car and buried his head and shoulders under the raised hood of a valve-grinding job that stood in a darkish corner.

He was making savage clanking noises when he heard Bob and Pierce come into the back part of the garage.

"Hey. You, Brad, fix this flat!"

Bradley pretended not to hear. Bob laughed.

"O. K., ostrich," he called. "She went off in a cab. Nobody's going to hurt you." As Bradley sheepishly shrugged his way out from under the hood, Bob turned to Pierce. "My assistant is kind of scared of women," he said. "You see, he's sort of handsome and . . ."

"You shut up!" said Bradley. He nodded to Pierce. "Hello, Mr. Pierce."

"Mr. Pierce drove up with a couple of flat tires," said Bob.

"Just one," said Pierce.

"No," said Bob. "Two. One on the wheel; one on the front seat."

"I know," said Bradley. "I saw them."

"I don't get it, boys," said Pierce. "But if you're making cracks about the lady who was with me, I don't like it; and if you make any more I'll bust somebody's nose."

Bradley looked at him. He'd never seen Noble Pierce before, but he knew all about him, the way people know all about Ford and Firestone. Pierce made automobiles—hundreds of thousands of them, and sold them as fast and as successfully as he'd once sold newspapers on a windy Detroit street corner. Everybody knew that. Everybody around Jericho knew, too, that he'd bought the old Whitbourne place at Syosset, and a whole herd of race horses and hunters. He looked, Bradley thought, just as he should look: too well dressed; his face, lined from his long fight to reach the top, strong from having reached there, blending well with the iron gray of his hair. Cold blue eyes met his own now. Bradley looked right into them.

"Mr. Pierce," he said, "you're backing the wrong horse."

"We know," said Bob. "We've got cause to know."

"You see," said Bradley, "my name's Norton."

"Oh," Pierce nodded. "You mean you're a relation of Mrs. Norton's."

"A poor relation," said Bradley. "I'm her husband."

Noble Pierce looked as though he'd just heard the stock of Pierce Motors had dropped fifty points. In a way, it had. Bradley Norton was, in American society, the equivalent of an earl, possibly even a duke. He was one of the people whose friendship Pierce had hoped to acquire along with the old Whitbourne place. He wasn't used to fashionable society and the quaint situations that occur in it. In newsboy circles and mechanic circles, when you took a lady out driving and bumped into her husband, you were plenty embarrassed. He was plenty embarrassed; but he didn't show it much.

"I'm sorry I said the wrong thing," he said. "But I still don't like listening to cracks about ladies I chance to be escorting."

"That's all right," said Bradley.

"Maybe I ought to explain how it happens your wife was with me."

"You're the first guy I ever met," said Bradley, "who's even felt *maybe* he ought to explain."

HE picked up the wheel, swung it onto the tire vise, and started work on it. Pierce watched him. His hard face wore a puzzled look. He was trying to figure out how Bradley Norton happened to be a grease monkey, while his wife rolled around in expensive clothes and lived in a Park Avenue apartment.

After a little he started wandering around the garage, killing time. He came on the torn and twisted remains of the midget racer lying forlornly in a corner, dust heavy on its blackened metalwork. He whistled in awe.

"Who drove that?"

"I did," said Bradley.

Pierce shot him a glance. So Bradley Norton drove midget racers, too. Maybe he liked working in garages. Maybe that was his way of playing.

"And you're still alive," he said. "I don't see why."

Bradley laughed.

"My night's work was finished before she caught fire."

Noble Pierce prodded the remains with his foot. Then he strolled back to where Bradley was prying the tire off the wheel. He was smiling.

"It's none of my business," he said, "and you can bust me in the nose if you want to, but would you mind telling me what the hell goes on around here?"

"We fix flats," said Bob. "It says so out in front."

"I mean with you." He nodded at Bradley. "Is this a gag—your working here and chauffeuring midgets? You're supposed to be part gentleman jockey, part playboy, and part legend."

The Happy Home Life of a Bachelor



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Bradley looked at him across the tire.

"Some of us have to work for a living," he said. "I know how to drive automobiles, and I'm learning how to make them go."

"You know how to ride race horses and how to make them go. I should have thought— Oh, what the hell! It's none of my business, as I said, but . . ."

He broke off. Bradley pulled the tire free of the rim. Presently Bob McCail said, "I understand you've got some pretty good race horses, Mr. Pierce."

"Yes, I have," said Pierce. He seemed to be thinking. He smiled at Bradley. "I've got two of yours, I think. The dealer said he bought them from you."

Bradley stopped working on the tire. He knew it was silly of him, but the thought of Noble Pierce owning those horses—he knew which they would be—made him feel rotten. Pierce couldn't like horses. He'd just like the idea of owning them. The older man read his face. His smile broadened.

"It's really all right," he said. "The horses don't know I used to be a newsboy."

Bradley blushed.

"I didn't mean that," he said. "I was thinking about something else."

"Nuts," said Pierce. "I know what you were thinking. Don't blame you. Don't forget, son, I've been through the mill. If what I'm guessing, just from the looks of things, is right, you have too." He looked again toward the midget car, let his glance travel back to Bradley's greasy overalls. When he spoke his face was surprisingly gentle. "I only know what it's like not to have it," he said. "To have had it and then to lose it must be just plain hell."

BRADLEY looked at him in surprise. As the world judges those things, Noble Pierce was supposed to be a tough customer. This didn't sound tough. He felt a sudden warmth toward the man. As their eyes met now, there was an understanding between them. Both of them knew what it was like to have been on the bottom. Bradley gave him a twisted grin.

"It is hell," he said, "in lots of ways. It isn't just the money. It's—other things."

"I know," said Pierce.

He took out a gold cigarette case, passed it to Bradley and Bob. McCail hefted it and nodded appreciation of its value before he took a cigarette. He looked at Pierce out of the corner of his eye.

"No gold tips nor anything!" he said. "I'm surprised you'd smoke such a cheap cigarette. Tchh-tchh-tchh!"

"You go jump in a lake," said Noble Pierce.

Bradley laughed.

"Bob would be a Red," he said, "if he wasn't a red-white-and-blue."

He went back to his work. Pierce

sat down on the running board of the tow car. Bob crawled back underneath it. They talked motors then, and racing. Pierce knew a lot about racing. His company put a car in the Indianapolis race every now and then for the sake of the publicity. They were building a new one now with power on all four wheels. Pierce said he'd start it in the three-hundred-mile race at Roosevelt Speedway in October if it worked out. Bradley wished he hadn't mentioned it. It gave him the empty-saddles feeling again. That was one of the races he'd dreamed about driving in, if the Rockinghamshire Racing Team hadn't turned out to be a one-shot proposition and if he'd made a big reputation. Boy, he'd have had glamour then! More glamour than Tommy Baker ever thought of having. Cynthia would . . . He tried to put it out of his mind. He had been trying all day not to think about Cynthia.

Presently, the tire finished, he wheeled it outside and put it on the big green roadster. Pierce, feeling funny about it, handed him five dollars and just caught himself from saying "Keep the change." As he settled himself in the driver's seat he turned to Bradley as though a sudden impulse had struck him.

"Say, Norton," he said. "Where do you live? I'd like to come over and talk to you tonight about those horses. You could give me some advice, I guess."

It wasn't a sudden impulse. Pierce just wanted it to seem like one. Bradley said, "Why, I live in the bungalow on the pond back there. I'd be delighted . . ." He stopped, suddenly uncomfortably conscious of the millions of dollars Noble Pierce stood for, and of the fact that the bungalow wasn't really suitable for entertaining any one who had more than about eighty or ninety dollars. He didn't realize it, of course, but that thought represented his all-time low. He was beginning to think the way failures think. "Look," he said. "It's just sort of a camp, really. Hadn't I better come to your house instead?"

An expression Bradley couldn't understand crossed Pierce's face. He couldn't understand it, because it was downright wistful, and he didn't think anybody with that amount of money could be wistful about anything.

"You Long Islanders seem to have sort of ganged up on me," he said softly. "You turn your doormats down so the Welcome won't show when an—outsider like me comes along."

Bradley felt suddenly ashamed. Ashamed for his friends, and because Pierce thought he was being clean frayed linen—poor but proud; snobbish.

"Oh, for the love of Mike, don't be a moron," he said. "I didn't mean it like that. I'd be honored to have you come to my house. It's just that it's such a lousy house."

Noble Pierce put his hands on the

wheel and looked off up the road. He was pleased. Bradley Norton was treating him as an equal. He wasn't bowing and scraping to his millions, nor was he being high-hat because he, Pierce, had made them himself. He nodded as though he had made up his mind about something.

"I tell you, Norton," he said. "I like you. I admire you for doing just exactly what you are doing. I may have a little proposition to make to you. Nine o'clock all right? My butler likes me to dine at eight."

Bradley's heart jumped. Men like Noble Pierce have on earth a little of the power of God. They wave their hand, and a road that has become almost unendurably hard and rough is smooth and easy and a man can walk up it to the high places where the stars shine bright.

"Nine o'clock's fine," he managed to say.

AT eleven that night Bradley drove into the Carlton driveway and leaped out of his car. Lights were still on in the hall and living room. He hurried up to the door with almost the breeziness of a Tommy Baker. He was elated. He turned the knob of the door; then, as it was locked, pounded on it. In a moment it opened, and he saw Cynthia looking at him in surprise. He flung his arms around her and kissed her. She pulled away. Jane, coming on the run, leaped against Bradley's stomach in impetuous greeting.

"Brad!" Cynthia nodded over her shoulder toward the living room. "The family—Tommy."

"What do I care?" said Bradley. "I love you—and I'm not a garage helper any more!"

In the living room this simple statement of fact was greeted with the same stunned silence that had greeted Tommy the night before when he'd asked Cynthia to tell him what was new with her. As always when stunned silences happened near her, Isabelle sought to fill them with comforting words.

"Well!" she said gaily. "Isn't that splendid? Tommy, Bradley's not a garage helper any more. Isn't that nice?"

"No," said Tommy. He was badly wrought up. Ever since the night before, he'd been tortured by the thought that his best girl was having an affair with a married man. This open avowal in the presence of her parents was too much. "Dammit, Mrs. Carlton, did you hear what he said?"

Isabelle rolled her eyes. She had a trapped feeling.

"I love you!" said Tommy.

Isabelle trilled a laugh up and down the scale.

"Tommy! Why, I'm old enough to be your father. Fred, Tommy loves me. Isn't that nice?" She beamed at her husband. "But you love me too! Don't you, old drizzlepuss?"

At this, Fred Carlton strangled briefly over his Scotch-and-soda, lending verisimilitude to her pet name. He was still strangling when

Cynthia led Bradley into the room. He came slowly. The high point of his elation was gone. He'd wanted to tell Cynthia his great news alone. Her dragging him in to the family hurt him.

Cynthia hadn't meant it that way. For twenty-four hours she had been playing cat-and-mouse with Tommy. Explaining Bradley to him had proved harder than she had thought. So, womanlike, she had evaded. She had even gone so far as to hint that he was imagining things. Bradley's lusty kiss and telling her he loved her practically made a liar out of her. She had been terrified of what he might say next. She hated herself for being terrified. She had hated herself for not coming right out and telling Tommy she was engaged, that she had Bradley's ring. Deceit wasn't natural to her, but she felt she would look so utterly foolish saying she was engaged to a man whose wife apparently hadn't the slightest intention of divorcing him. Less than a month ago she would have been proud to say it.

"Brad." Carlton came out of his glass. "Good news? Eh? Let's hear it."

"It'll keep," said Bradley. "It's—sort of private."

"I see." Carlton bobbed his head up and down. "Family matter, eh?"

"But we *are* the family," said Isabelle. "After all, Cynthia's . . ." She stopped in time, thought fast, smoothed her dress, and smiled.

"After all, Cynthia's been like a daughter to you ever since she was a little bit of a girl. With pigtails."

"Daughter?" said Carlton. "Confound it, Isabelle, you *do* say the weirdest things! If she was like a daughter to him she wouldn't be hell-bent to marry the fella. Really!"

This, so to speak, pushed Tommy Baker over the dam. He was young and he was so deeply in love that he didn't think; he only felt. Right now he felt sick. His body went rigid and his face went dead white. His mouth moved but no words came out. Had he been older, or had he had a gun in his hand or a sword, the scene would have been dramatic instead of ridiculous: Carlton staring at his wife; the daughter standing, eyes lowered in mortification, her face scarlet with embarrassment; the mother trying to pretend everything was bright and sunny; the young lover glaring, the not so young lover looking faintly bewildered. It was a moment for fine phrasing, for gnashing of teeth. It was not a moment for William, dressed in white flannels and a tweed coat, to walk into the living room, bow before his employer, and say, "If we're going to the chicken fight, sir, it's time we started, else we'll miss the first main, and, so help me, I have faith in that bird from Rumson."

Tommy Baker found voice. His face going from white to angry crimson, he said: "Cockfights! Married men! My heaven! I can't stand

it here any longer! I'm going! His daughter on the verge of—on the verge—and he's going to a cockfight! With his butler!" He paced the room frenziedly, with Jane biting playfully at his shoelaces. She loved pacers. Presently he paced to where Cynthia was standing, looking at him in horrified astonishment. "I've got to see you alone. I've got to, do you understand? When?"

"Tomorrow."

"I'll be here at eight thirty," said Tommy, and without another word he slammed out of the room, out of the house. A second later they heard the engine of his car roar angrily and the wheels tear gravel from the driveway. Fred Carlton scratched his chin.

"Now whatever could be the matter with *him*!" he said.

"Oh, daddy! Don't you know? He's hurt. He—he loves me—terribly, and I've *tried* to tell him gently about Bradley, and you just came out with it, and—and . . ." She broke. "Oh, mummy, it's all so *awful*!"

Then she was clinging to her mother and sobbing her young heart out. Frustration, love, disillusionment, hopelessness were in her sobs. She was a child again, lost in the dark.

Is Bradley's romance going to crash on the rocks just when he has a chance to make good? Will he lose Cynthia to Tommy Baker? The story takes a surprising turn in the next chapter, as a new life opens and a girl in love makes a startling decision.

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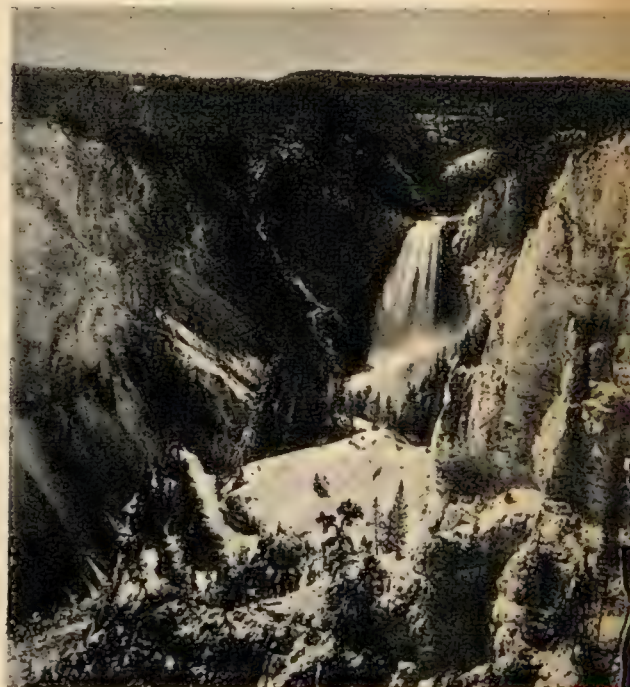
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SCHOOLTEACHER'S CLUES

Liberty's Short Short

BY MARGARET MOCHRIE

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



MISS MATTIE GATES moved her small feet experimentally.

They were all she could move, except her head. Her legs, from ankles to knees, were bound with clothesline to the legs of the kitchen chair on which she was sitting. Her wrists were tied behind the back of the chair, so that her bony shoulders pressed against the top slat.

"I wish I'd asked you to tie me in something more comfortable," she observed to the tall figure standing under the white ceiling light. "I'm not as young as I once was, and I'm going to be pretty stiff by morning."

The man didn't answer. His face was covered from the bridge of his nose to his chin by a triangularly folded black handkerchief. His felt hat was pulled low over his forehead, and the collar of his shabby overcoat was turned up. His hands, in soiled tan gloves, were busy with a roll of adhesive tape.

"I don't suppose you'd consider transferring me to the easy chair in the living room?" Miss Gates went on. "I'll go quietly and—"

"Say, listen! Who's running this?" the man whispered hoarsely.

"Oh, well," sighed Miss Gates, "I didn't expect you'd agree." She was silent for a moment; then, "If that's for my mouth," she remarked, indicating the adhesive tape with a jerk of her neat gray head, "you needn't bother about it. My nearest neighbor's several hundred yards away. Anyway, my lung power was never very good. I often found it a handicap in the classroom. I taught school, you know, until I retired two years ago," she continued in the manner of a hostess making conversation to put a guest at ease. "When I won that money tonight, I decided to spend it on a trip to Florida to visit my sister, but now—"

"Say, listen! Will you pipe down? You make me nervous!" The man growled impatiently as the adhesive tape stuck to his gloves. He ripped them off and threw them on the porcelain-topped table.

Miss Gates' sharp blue eyes followed the blunt fingers as they unwound the tape. "You're fidgety, aren't you?" she said. "Is this your first job?"

The man didn't speak.

"Of course," she said brightly, "you can't gag me until I tell you

where the money is, can you? Suppose I refuse to talk—will you—er—rub me out?"

"Say, listen. I know where it is," the man whispered raspily. "I seen you put it in the gas oven when I was looking through the window."

Miss Gates considered for a moment. "You were hardly here by accident," she said. "So I suppose you were in the theater when I won the Giant Filmo prize, and you followed me when I drove home. Stupid of me to have brought those thirty ten-dollar bills with me, wasn't it? I ought to have asked the manager for a check. Well, what's done is done." She sighed. "But there's one thing I'd like to know. How did you get here so soon? I'd have heard a car, and there's no bus line near, and—"

"Say, listen! I ain't talking, see?" The man came toward her, gingerly dangling the adhesive tape from a dirty forefinger; with his free hand he pulled a grimy handkerchief from his overcoat pocket. "It's dumb to talk too much," he added.

"And it's dumb to gag me with your own handkerchief," replied Miss Gates with spirit. "Much as I'd like you to leave it here as a clue, I simply couldn't live with that dirty thing in my mouth. If you *must* use a gag, tear a piece off that clean dish towel hanging on the rack."

The man hesitated, then strode over to the rack, tore the towel in two, strode back to Miss Gates, and clumsily adjusted the gag. Then he dropped the adhesive-tape reel into his pocket, took the roll of bills from the oven, put out the light, and left.

AT eight the next morning Bella, Miss Mattie's colored girl, came in and found her mistress. At nine thirty Miss Gates alighted from her old Ford in front of Hal's Pool Parlor on Main Street, walked calmly in, and put her hand on the shoulder of the only person there—a dark, sullen-faced youth who was practicing shots at one of the tables.

"Joe Bliss," she said, "I want to speak to you."

He shook her off. "Say, listen! You can't come in here and—"

"I'm not alone," interrupted Miss Gates, pointing to the door. A broad

blue back showed through the glass panel. "I brought Officer Murphy with me, just in case of trouble. He knows I have some private business with you, but he doesn't know—yet—that you followed me home last night on your bicycle and tried to rob me. He could probably identify the tire marks if it became necessary. However, if you hand over my money, we'll call the matter closed—provided you get a job and stop hanging around places like this."

Joe looked at the door of the back room. Hal, the proprietor, was in there balancing his books. Then he looked at the uniformed shoulders that barred the front way out. Reluctantly he put his hand in his pocket, drew out a roll of bills, and handed it to Miss Gates. She counted the money and walked toward the door.

"Say, listen!" he called after her. "How did you know it was me?"

"Because you're dumb, Joe, and always were," she replied. "Three years ago, for two solid terms, I tried—heaven help me!—to teach you decent English. But you never could learn not to begin every sentence with 'Say, listen.' Also, you hadn't enough will power to stop biting your fingernails to the quick. I heard you speak and I saw your hands. Then, just to make sure, I got very chatty and goaded you into talking some more—and I had you placed. This morning I asked Tim Murphy where I could find you, and he brought me here."

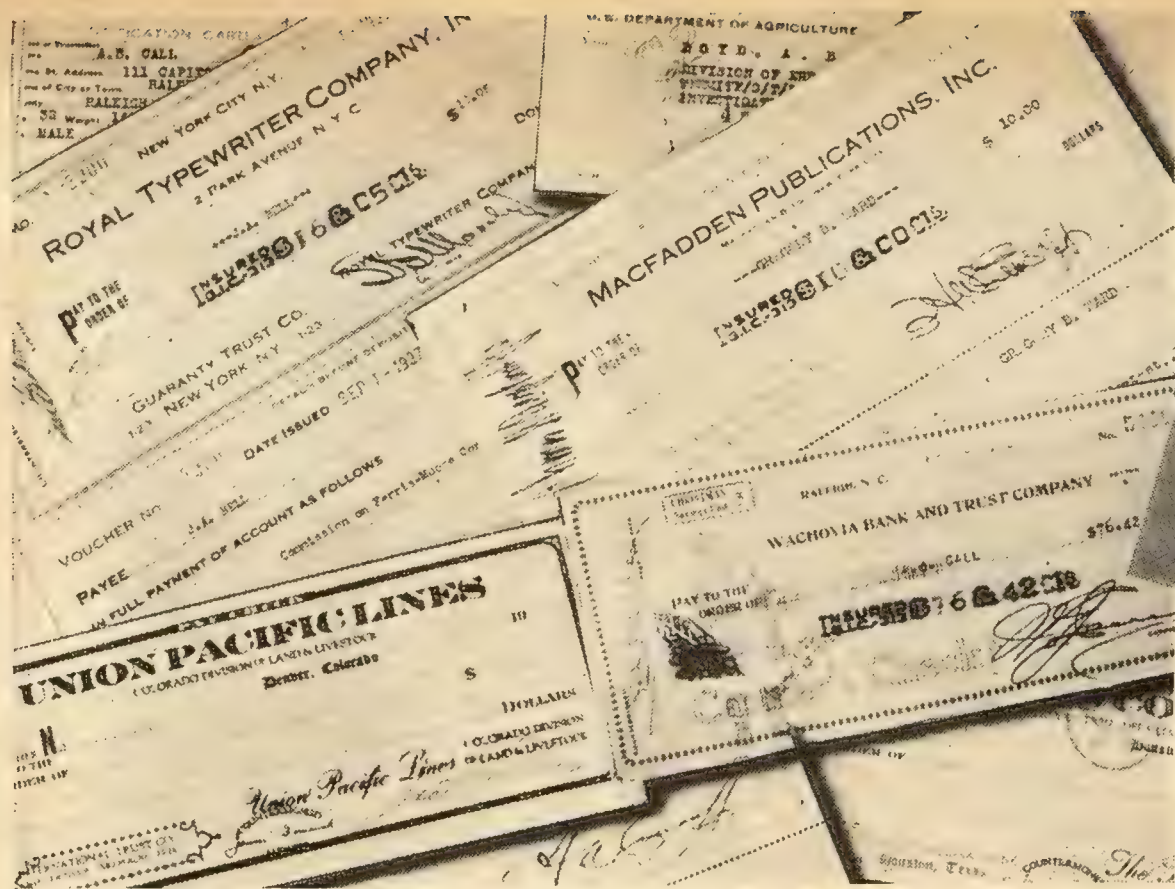
Outside she told the policeman, "It's all right. Joe wasn't mixed up in what I thought he was. . . . And now, may I drive you back to headquarters?"

"Yeah," said Officer Murphy; "that'll be fine."

Miss Gates sighed. Cop and crook—yet she had failed with both. She had spent a year telling Tim Murphy that "yeah" has no place in the English language, but he had never learned.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.



Harold Zack Thompson and (left) some of his rubber checks. He could write them with either hand or upside down.

Aristocrats of the CRIMINAL WORLD

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this last January, a slim twenty-five-year-old youth walked into a fashionable Manhattan pet shop and introduced himself as Lieutenant Phillip B. Fleming, Jr. He was, he said, interested in purchasing four thoroughbred dogs for fellow officers in the United States army.

Lieutenant Fleming examined the dogs in the store with an expert's eyes. Finally, when he had found four puppies sufficiently high-class, he asked how much he owed.

"One hundred and ninety dollars."

"You don't mind taking a check, I suppose? It's certified."

That made a difference! Besides, the check just happened to be for \$200, only ten more than the purchase. To question it would offend the customer. So the pet-shop man took it and gave ten dollars change.

When the check came back marked "No Such Account," the dealer reported the matter to the Federal

Bureau of Investigation—the Department of Justice's famed G-man organization, of which John Edgar Hoover is Director.

In the next three months several dozen similar complaints reached the Bureau and co-operating local authorities. The man's purchases were so large, and the amount of cash kick-back required on each check comparatively so small, and his manner and conduct so impeccable, that storekeepers all over the country were falling.

Not only storekeepers, either. The spurious Lieutenant Fleming would walk into a steamship office, discuss dates and sailings, and select a suite of desirable staterooms for himself, wife, and child. The total involved might come to \$400 or \$450.

"It is customary, sir," the clerk would say diffidently, "to make a small deposit when reserving rooms."

"Of course," the suave lieutenant would reply. "But why bother? I'll pay the whole amount now."

He would then dig into an impressively fat wallet, count over some bills, and come up with a surprised and rather sad smile.

"I'm afraid I haven't quite enough



Frederick Emerson Peters, bogus army or navy officer or government relief dispenser—for rubber-check purposes.

cash with me today," he would say. Then he would bethink himself. "But I have a check, a certified check—and luckily it is for practically the amount, five hundred."

The beaming clerk, thoroughly impressed, would disappear with the check and come back with the change.

But in the following May the G-men unmasked the lieutenant as a professional crook, Frederick Emerson Peters. The courts gave him ten years in a federal pen, but a soft-hearted President, Wilson, commuted them to five.

Three years after Peters' release in 1920, the F. B. I. began to receive reports about a certain Lieutenant Commander Frederick E. Pierson—our check signer was in the navy now—who traveled around the country collecting rare books. The gallant officer had changed his uniform and his hobby, but not his technique; for he invariably paid for his purchases with certified checks slightly larger than the amounts he owed.

It took a little longer this time for

From the files of the F. B. I. . . New,
true detective tales of America's G-men

the G-men to run Peters down—thirteen months instead of four. Whether this was due to the fact that he varied his role with impersonations of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Gifford Pinchot II, Alfred du Pont, and other notables' sons, or whether he had acquired added elusiveness during his five-year rest in the pen, nobody seems to know. Anyhow, they caught him in San Francisco in July, 1924. He admitted all the charges of impersonations made against him, and on September 24 was convicted and sentenced.

For the next seven years he edited the prison paper at the United States Penitentiary on McNeil Island.

SIX months after his second release, complaints once more began to roll into the Bureau of activities which smelled strongly of him; but nothing definite was uncovered to connect him with them until November, 1936, when a latent fingerprint developed on a fraudulent check by the tremendously efficient technical laboratory of the F. B. I. was found to be identical with one of the fingertips of Peters. A third nation-wide search now began.

Peters was the lofty type of con man who considers himself the aristocrat of the criminal world. His only weapons are his wits, a respectable bearing, and the knack of yielding gracefully and somewhat hesitantly when a victim presses money upon him.

There is a certain self-righteousness about this tribe. They firmly believe that if a person who has had intelligence enough to make money legitimately hasn't intelligence enough to keep it, he doesn't deserve to.

During the years between Frederick Emerson Peters' release from the federal pen in 1931 and his subsequent capture in 1937—of which more later—confusing reports began reaching the Bureau of the check-passing activities of another self-styled officer of the United States navy—this time a chaplain.

Morton Joseph Kramer, as he came to be known in the Bureau records, was even more personable than Peters. Handsome of face, splendid of physique and solemn manner, he left a trail of broken hearts and bouncing checks wherever he went. His main business was checks, but on the side he did a brisk business in brides. He was married in New York City; Tampa, Florida; St. Joseph, Missouri; Alton Bay, New Hampshire; Woodstock, Illinois; Alexandria, Louisiana; Brooksville, Florida; and Chillicothe, Texas.

He would descend upon a community, win the confidence of its leading citizens, engage in amours with as many as possible of their daughters, and then, through their eager cooperation, simultaneously cash several bogus checks for considerable amounts. If matrimony was essential, he committed it.

When the chaplain racket bored him, he changed to Protestant min-

ister, Jewish rabbi, college professor, newspaper reporter, even—heaven save the mark!—special agent of the Department of Justice; but it was as a lieutenant commander operating on the Fort Worth naval front that the real special agents got him.

After marrying Maureen Stevens of Fort Worth, he told his new bride's aunt he would like to cash a New York draft for \$250 for pin money for the honeymoon. She accepted the bogus draft.

The G-men caught up with Kramer in Washington, D. C., by way of Los Angeles, California, and brought him to trial in Los Angeles on the charge of impersonating an officer—whereupon he astonished the prosecution by pleading insanity. He had been confined, he said, in Bellevue Hospital, New York, for mental treatment. And it was true. But Hoover and his G-men discovered that Kramer had entered the hospital at his own request and that the doctors had found nothing wrong with him.

If it had been a precautionary trick, it didn't do him any good. He went to McNeil for two years, with a detainer from Fort Worth on another impersonation charge waiting for him upon his release.

MEANWHILE Frederick Emerson Peters had found a new racket. Time was when a person presenting a government check at a country store had to hobble up on crutches and present his Grand Army Memorial Day badge. But with government employees rising almost to the million mark, and a considerable fraction of them pleasurably employed in touring the country and forcing government checks on farmers for crops which they could not sell, a United States government check became as familiar to the average storekeeper as a dollar bill, and a darned sight easier to get.

Obviously, the passing of fraudulent army and navy pay checks offered infinite possibilities to Peters. But he was not satisfied long with this uncomplicated method of taking the public's money. Relief was the thing. So he resigned from both branches of our national defense, and enlisted as a representative of various benevolent government agencies.

Usually he impersonated an individual connected with some department head who had recently received a good deal of publicity. With this official, according to him, he was "like that." Usually, too, as he later confessed, he addressed his proposals to women because "all I had to do was to show a little familiarity with the work, and then they'd do all the rest of the talking."

As the official's bosom buddy, he would call upon charitable organizations, offering government aid. And, of course, expectant charity officials couldn't refuse him the slight favor of cashing his government check.

In the midst of a conversation about how much the government might be induced to contribute to

some worthy cause, he would suddenly recall he was due at a similar conference in a distant city the next noon. He would then pull out his wallet, to discover he had enough money for the rail fare—but, alas, only a plane would get him there in time! The charity workers would cash a small check to cover the balance.

Once he thought of a new racket. It was sure-fire. Its only drawback was that it could probably be worked only once. He died. Then, under one of his many aliases, he telegraphed his mother to wire \$200 at once for the purpose of returning his body for burial in the family lot.

He found the G-men waiting for him this time at Sunnyside, Long Island. As usual, he readily admitted his various crimes—boasted of them, in fact—pleaded guilty, and took a two-year federal rap on an impersonation charge. He is due to get out about now, unless the F. B. I. succeeds in getting federal district attorneys in other parts of the country to jump in with new prosecutions. So watch out for a now somewhat bald and aging gentleman with a smooth tongue and a quick check!

One great disadvantage of this kind of knavery is that it is always found out. Within the week the acceptor of the check knows he has been stung. There is the chance that he may feel a bit sheepish and say nothing about it. That is one reason for keeping the cash kickback low. Too many people prefer to take a ten- or fifteen-dollar licking and call it a day. But the victim may go straight to the local authorities, who, after a preliminary investigation, usually report to the F. B. I.

Within ten days or two weeks, therefore, the G-men are likely to be in full pursuit of the check bouncer—a fact which necessitates continual and fairly speedy travel.

It is a young man's game. Peters is fifty now. Perhaps his career is nearing an end. But whatever his own future, his work is being carried on by a new generation of speed boys.

Chief among these, until the G-men halted him, was Harold Zack Thompson, who showed up first in the Middle West in 1934, a nice-looking young man in riding pants and boots, from all appearances a typical field worker, as he sometimes represented himself to be, of the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry. In this role he would arrive, for example, in towns near the oil fields of west Texas and New Mexico, and say that the government had sent him to photograph gas fumes rising from the wells, which were, experts thought, affecting the hair of cattle in that district. Whatever he said, in the jolly holiday season he fairly reeked with Christmas-club checks.

One of his favorite tricks was to say he was a writer and exhibit a check that had just come to him from a large distilling corporation as a prize for the best essay on Liquor

Control. The check was invariably accompanied by a letter from the company, signed by some apparently important officer, congratulating him. This letter, typewritten on the stationery of the firm, made the cashing of the check comparatively simple.

Sometimes he would be an employee of a railroad or a lumber company or some other corporation well known in the section where he was operating. The checks he presented were invariably for amounts corresponding to the weekly wage of the type of employee he said he was. Or he would be a traveling representative of some nationally known organization of acknowledged financial responsibility. (Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, was one such corporation he thus "honored"!)

UNLIKE Peters, he seldom went in for large purchases. He would make a few purchases amounting to two or three dollars, then present a ten- or fifteen-dollar check.

On the other hand, he was forever finding that the government or his employer had failed to forward his car. This necessitated his buying a used car with his own funds. He would then pick one out, and tell the dealer that he didn't care for the installment idea, that he preferred to pay cash in full. Then, after getting the best cash price he could, he would jot down the exact figure and say he would have to get a draft for that amount from the trustees of his family's estate in Washington. Although he obviously needed the car at once, he made no attempt to talk the dealer into letting him use the car on a loan or small down-payment basis.

A day or two later he would telephone to make sure that his car was being held. His draft hadn't arrived yet, but he would be in with it the moment it came. The following afternoon or evening, when the banks had closed, he would rush in with a boyish smile of triumph, plank down the draft, and ride away in the car. Long before the spurious character of the draft could be discovered, the car would be across the state line, registered under a new name and number, and very likely sold.

Speed was the first requisite of Thompson's operations. On Saturday night, November 21, 1936, at half past eleven, he purchased a sedan in Clovis, New Mexico. At nine o'clock Monday morning he registered this same automobile in Montgomery, Alabama; and between November 23 and December 1, when it was re-registered in New Brunswick, New Jersey, he cashed checks in Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia. On December 3 it was sold to a used-car dealer in Cincinnati—and a week later he passed four bogus cashiers' checks in Minneapolis.

During one period of eighteen days, earlier that same fall, he is known to have cashed twenty checks in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Maryland, and Virginia. How many

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



William: Gorgeous voice, Max! But for a night club—no oomph!



The Girl: I heard what you two said! And I can't help it if I'm a flat tire!

Max: There, there! We're your friends! Come have a bite with us.



William: You know what you said about the flat tire? It gives me an idea. You say you're not feeling right. I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. Now if just one or two of those important little factors are missing in our diets, our vitality is punctured—goes *psst!* like a tire.



Max: And your first lesson, my dear, is a bowl of crisp delicious KELLOGG's PEP—the cereal that's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D.

The Girl: Say! This is delicious! If eating PEP will help me get my vitamins, I'm for it every day from now on.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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others he had passed, he only knows.

As we have seen, the fact that each of his crimes was bound to be found out by some one within a week of its commission necessitated this speed. Conversely, the fact that it *wouldn't* be found out for nearly a week—or until the check had been deposited in the victim's bank and sent for collection to the bank on which it was supposed to be drawn and returned in due course to the depositor as no good—and the further fact that it took a few days more for the complaint to be investigated by local authorities and forwarded to the F. B. I., afforded a swift operator like Thompson almost automatic protection.

However, Hoover and his men did not give up the fight. The moment a check arrived at the Bureau, it was examined for identifying marks by the organization's technical laboratory. This is perhaps the simplest form of identification, but in the case of checks, which pass through so many hands on their journeys from bank to bank, it is one of the rarest. Similarity in the texture of paper used, in the type, in the handwriting or typewriting, in the stamps used for certification, and in the perforations supposedly employed to prevent the checks being raised—professional bouncers go in heavily for these protective devices!—are the factors which most often lead to the identification of the check passer.

But it is one thing to know who

passed the check, and another thing to know who he really is. The F. B. I. knew this man Thompson under seventy-nine different aliases before it was able to discover his true identity!

Sooner or later, however, these smart guys get a little too smart. In the course of his usual build-up before purchasing a car, Thompson recalled in Orlando, Florida, the fact that a fellow government employee, a friend of his, had once purchased a car in that city on the installment plan, and might not have been able to keep up the payments. He expressed the hope that the salesman who sold this car to his friend had not lost anything on the transaction, and implied that he himself, being in funds, might consider reimbursing him.

This was, of course, an excellent preliminary to establishing his own credit, and a comparatively safe one, too, since the concern his friend had patronized was long since out of business. When, however, the check for the automobile bounced back, the dealer told this incident to the special agent who interviewed him.

A former bookkeeper of the old firm was discovered. Some of the concern's records were exhumed. Finally, the last name of a customer corresponding to the description Thompson had given was recalled. Every employee of the Department of Agriculture bearing that last name was canvassed, then every former employee. Finally the man was found.

At first he could not recall any fellow worker, or supposed fellow worker, whom he had known in Florida. However, after studying a detailed description of the man who had been passing all these checks, he did recall a young fellow whom he had known only as Harold, and who had told him a remarkable story about his wife, who, he said, had died in Sanford, Florida, of a broken neck while swinging under a tree.

This former Department of Agriculture employee also recalled that Harold had said that his wife had been the daughter of a New England doctor, and that he himself was in the typewriter repair business in Denmark, South Carolina.

At Sanford, G-men found that a fatal accident of the kind described had actually happened to the wife of one Harold Thompson. At Denmark they found that a person named Zack Thompson had conducted a typewriter repair shop there in 1933. The only thing the townsfolk could remember about Zack was that he had said that he had been married to the daughter of a Connecticut doctor. In Connecticut, after a prolonged search, a very respectable dentist was found whose son-in-law's name had been Harold Zack Thompson.

Photographs of son-in-law Thompson, when shown to victims of the crook whom the Bureau had been seeking for fully three years, were unhesitatingly identified. Now at least the G-men knew who the man was that they were after.

Meanwhile Thompson's activities

were, as usual, carrying him far afield: one month, Virginia, Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois; another month, California, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Colorado; still another month, Texas and Louisiana. By use of the technical laboratory and the photographs they now had, the G-men were able to trace his course accurately but were still unable to pick up much ground on him.

John Edgar Hoover, however, had already played a card which he has often found effective in stubborn cases of this kind. He had furnished to newspapers and magazines printing true detective stories photographs of the elusive Mr. Thompson and a brief description of the crimes for which he was sought. And on March 8, 1938, as a result of this move, the reader of a popular detective magazine recognized Harold Zack Thompson in an apartment hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, whereupon the Atlanta office of the F. B. I. promptly took him into custody.

In his possession were found, among other impedimenta, a hand printing press, several fonts of type, cuts reproducing insignia of large corporations, rubber stamps for dating and certifying, a check-protector

You'll find the inside story of another coup by Hoover and his F. B. I. in an early issue!

perforating machine, a collection of printing inks in various colors, a large quantity of check forms attributed to various corporations.

Thompson seldom bothered to forge the name of a maker or an endorser of a check. He simply made up a name and endowed it with an impressive-looking signature. He was especially adept at fitting his handwriting to the supposed character of the man whose name he was signing. After his arrest and confession he talked freely of his skill. "This is the way the officer of a bank would write," he would say, and then run off several signatures of the banking type.

After repeating this process for the "big business executive," the "workingman," and other types, he surprised his captors by saying, "This is written by my left hand," and thereupon proceeding to write with the same flowing abandon as he had with his right hand. While the G-men were still exclaiming, he wrote the same signatures upside down!

Thompson got six years on a San Antonio indictment, and is now working them out in a federal pen. He has also been indicted in Philadelphia, Dallas, Mobile, Albuquerque, Oklahoma City, Jacksonville, and Florence, South Carolina. His future as a federal prisoner seems assured.

To the end, Harold Zack Thompson was true to the lofty con man's tradition. Asked how he had been able to evade the law so long, he replied:

"I never associated with people of questionable character!"

THE END



"LOOK AT THIS SIROIL AD. IT FITS MY LONG SLEEVE PROBLEM EXACTLY"

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WHAT KIND OF

President

WOULD SENATOR TAFT MAKE?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

BOB TAFT is the despair of the newsreel men. Before the camera he is willing, but the ham just isn't in him. Besides, his gift for the photographically inappropriate is monumental.

Every candidate for national office has to have his picture taken with a cow. No one seems to know why, but it is so. The campaign photograph of Mr. Taft with cow discloses ardent Farmer Taft, in white collar, dark street suit, light fall overcoat, and fedora hat, gingerly poking the animal's snout with neatly gloved hand.

Another shot shows Candidate Taft, a big outdoors man this time, hatless and gloveless but otherwise irreproachably garbed in blue serge business suit, holding at arm's length a wild turkey somebody else killed.

Caught unaware by the candid camera, the effect is equally bad. At work, he seems all spectacles. If they aren't on his nose, blotting out his gentle humorous eyes, they are hanging from his ear or stuck in his teeth. He hasn't swallowed them yet, but Mrs. Taft lives in daily fear.

Yet the real point of those seemingly incongruous and unfortunate pictures is simply that it never occurs to him to be "artificially natural" before a camera. He is always Bob Taft rather than Taft the hunter or Taft the farmer or anything else. He works his farm in overalls, but never thought to step into them while posing with a cow. On that hunting trip, he had himself shot a deer and he had posed in his hunting togs with it. After changing to a business suit, he good-naturedly permitted a cameraman who had come late to take him with the turkey.

The man just isn't publicity-conscious. The Tafts celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary last year, but the newspaper boys didn't hear about it for months afterward. It never occurred to Bob Taft that any one would be interested in his silver wedding anniversary except himself and Martha Taft.

Sometimes it seems that he isn't politics-conscious, either. Friendly as he has been to the A. F. of L., in Kansas City he blundered through an A. F. of L. picket line which had been in existence more than a year. In Des Moines, he chose the day Iowa farmers were getting \$70,000,000 in new federal corn loan money to denounce, as a permanent policy, the New Deal's corn loan plan.

In addition to all of which, Bob Taft makes what most politicians consider a damned poor speech. They base their judgment on what they think the people want in the speech-making line. As for him, he plows right ahead. Poor speaker or not, he has stood up in debate against the most silver-tongued New Dealers, and has won decisions in the polls of popular opinion.

The man with the most delegates on the Republican side of the campaign for the Presidency is, at the present writing, this same Bob Taft. While others have been winning popularity contests, he has been winning delegates. He already has more than three hundred pledges to support him. No one else has a hundred.

All of which does not mean that Taft will be nominated on the first ballot. It may not mean that he will be nominated on the last. But it does mean, if we can judge by political conventions in the past, that no one else can be until his supporters have talked business with Mr. Taft.

He wouldn't be the easiest man in the world with whom to talk it. He knows what has happened before in boss-manipulated national conventions. Sometimes a deal is made. The Vice-Presidency is the usual bait to get a candidate in Bob Taft's strate-

gic position to withdraw in favor of the man the bosses prefer. But Bob doesn't want the Vice-Presidency.

He has already made a strong bid for the Presidency—much stronger than most of us know. He has the best organization in the field, the best tactical position, the most votes.

His selection might be a flouting of the people's choice—and it might be its true expression—but Robert A. Taft, with a third of the Republican Convention already at his back, is a man to be reckoned with in this Presidential race. Politically, he is the man of the hour. Republicanly speaking, he may be the man of the year. It certainly behooves us all to know what kind of man he is.

Well, the first most of us outside of Ohio heard of Bob Taft was in 1934, when he sued the United States government for \$1.07, and carried the case to the United States Supreme Court.

We knew in a general way that Bob didn't sue because he needed the buck, even though he is essentially a self-made man. William H. Taft, the only man in his country's history to be both President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was not a rich man; neither was he poor. He was known to have left an estate of almost half a million, but he left all of it to his widow and daughter, noting with pride that his sons were now able-bodied, educated men who could take care of themselves. Charles P. Taft, uncle of Bob and young Charlie, had married Annie Sinton, the richest girl in Cincinnati, had himself become wealthy, and was known to have left dribbles of his estate to his nephew, Bob; most of it he had given away in philanthropies. But, as every Ohioan knew, the young man himself, by assiduous practice of estate and corporation law, had become what he modestly describes as "well-to-do."

The man must, therefore, be a crank or a citizen of profound convictions. An examination of the situation which caused him to bring this

Here's the man, his ways, his private life! A frank, illuminating portrayal

suit tipped the scales toward the second explanation.

When the United States fell off the gold standard, President Roosevelt suspended gold payments, and Congress, then completely under his spell, obediently voided all contracts to pay in gold, thus repudiating at a stroke the "gold clause" in approximately \$100,000,000,000 worth of bonds.

Robert Taft was one of many Americans who considered this repudiation of a definite promise to pay an immoral and illegal act. So he selected one bond as a test case, and went to court to recover the interest he had lost. The moral issue has never been decided. Court after court held that Congress had sole right to decide what should be used for money. Bob Taft kept on, nevertheless, until he got his final comeuppance from the Nine Old Men.

BY this exhibition of tenacity and courage he won the admiration of those few citizens who, in 1933 and 1934, still had a few dollars; but on most of us his courageous stand against New Deal currency juggling made no lasting impression.

When, therefore, Bob Taft next emerged into national spotlight in 1936 as Ohio's favorite son in the Republican Convention which nominated Landon, we still knew so little of him we concluded the papers must have meant brother Charlie.

Young Charles P. Taft, second son of William H. and inheritor of his father's chuckle and dimples, had won considerable fame for himself as leader of the movement for a city-manager form of government in Cincinnati, and had written an excellent book extolling this form. He was also a good-looking, popular, hail-fellow-well-met chap, active in religious and labor movements, a very plausible candidate for high office.

As for big brother Bob, some one has said that he looks like a composite picture of 16,000,000 Republicans. If he does, the composite Republican is tall and thin-haired, has a waistline that is—er—comfortably expanded, a mouth that is too big for his face, and kindly, friendly gray-blue eyes behind spectacles.

He has a nice grin, which discloses rows of large protruding teeth. Add to all this a general sand-blond ineffectiveness as to eyebrows and wispy hair, a solemn, ponderous manner, and you have something right out of a Grant Wood portfolio.

"A big plain friendly man" is the way his wife describes him; and, of course, she is right. But the Ohio politicians might well have looked at him askance. His father, President Taft, for all his weight, was a handsome man, and a well dressed man, too. He owned all the right duds, and never rebelled at getting into them. Son Robert's dark gray or blue effect is known in the family as the "Taft all-purpose suit," and to get him out of it into anything more demanding than pajamas is a task which requires the forcible insistence of Mrs. Taft and

of the Tafts' four strapping sons.

"When Bob was to take his seat in the Senate last year," relates Mrs. Taft, who looks amazingly like the present Queen of England, "I was thrown into great consternation by word from the senior senator, who was to introduce my husband, that a 'cutaway' would be proper attire for the occasion. Bob's cutaway dated from his wedding, when he was twenty-four years younger and many inches slimmer. It took the combined efforts of the family to get him into it, and when he set off for the Capitol we were apprehensive that the seams might not stand the strain."

But Bob Taft fooled everybody, including his wife.

"What was our surprise," she continues, "when we looked down upon him from the gallery an hour later to see him in an easily fitting cutaway, obviously chuckling at our surprise. He had bought a new suit on his way to the Capitol, and all was well."

In retrospect, the Tafts got a lot of fun out of this incident; for the senior senator was none other than old Vic (Baked Potato) Donahey, who has made himself one of the greatest vote getters in Ohio history by stressing the fact that he comes from the "plain peepul," which he does, whereas Bob Taft has always been handicapped in his appeal for popular support by the wealth of his family and its social position!

THE point at issue here, however, is that Bob has seldom bothered to embellish his unflashy exterior with the kind of clothes which sometimes make the man. Nor has he made a habit of kissing any babies except his own, and since these now range from fourteen to twenty-four, he is getting kind of out of practice even in his homework. As for backslapping and rib-poking and chin-chucking, they simply aren't in the man.

His father never went in much for baby kissing, either. He didn't need to. Bill Taft had many things about him, including the fact that he was a fat man, to make everybody love him. He liked to hear a good story, and told one well. The twinkles in his eyes, the dimples in his cheeks, even the rockings of his great body, drew men to him. His chuckle, born of a true joviality, filled the room.

Bob Taft has a sense of humor, but his expression of it, even in the inner circle of his friends, is genial rather than jovial. Among strangers or chance acquaintances, like most shy men, he assumes a dignity which often passes for austerity. He shrinks from meeting strangers because he really thinks that they wouldn't be interested in meeting him.

In the rough-and-tumble of campaigning, which he has come to enjoy, he has learned to turn on the smiles once in a while, even to indulge in a quiet quip or two. During his Senatorial campaign, at a stock sale in Belmont, Ohio, he auctioned off a calf for 14½ cents a pound. The previous high had been 9 cents.

Whereupon he amazed his managers by saying, "It just shows what I can do with the farm problem if given half a chance."

In Washington, where he insists on driving his own car just as he did in Cincinnati, the Tafts were spotted one night as they came out of an official reception by a brass-buttoned flunky, who immediately shouted:

"Senator Taft's car!"

"Thank you," said Bob, touching the great man on the gold-braided sleeve. "It's a good car, but it doesn't come when it's called." Then he and Martha slipped off down the street to the parking place.

MANY a good quality forthright, hard-working Bob Taft was known by his intimates to possess; but even they were surprised when the news broke about his being chosen as Ohio's favorite son in 1936.

The circumstances of the choice were, on the surface, unfortunate. Nobody really knows yet whether the city-manager idea for municipalities is good or bad. But it has always worn the halo of reform. Machine politicians are usually against it, and individuals who oppose it are apt to be tarred with the machine stick. While Charlie was fighting for this supposedly righteous cause as one of the Charterite group in Cincinnati, Bob, who has always been a strict party man, stuck by the organization, feeling that he could accomplish more for good government by working within the existing Republican Party. His subsequent selection, therefore, as favorite son was viewed merely as a boss-given reward for that action, although he was later to fight the machine candidate in his Senate race.

Two years later this man nobody knew—that is, outside of Ohio—was entering the United States Senate and was being actively urged by national leaders as a candidate for President.

What had happened?

Plenty. In the first place, and least importantly, he had put up an unexpectedly good fight in the primaries against the late Senator Borah and had given him an unexpected licking. The result, however, did not shake the nation or even his own state.

Bob Taft was sort of taken for granted in the Buckeye State. The Taft family had long been a Cincinnati museum piece. Bob and Charlie had inherited responsibilities incumbent on heirs to a throne.

Older Cincinnatians remembered Bob as an intense little blond boy sometimes crouched in adoration in old Fire House 10, listening to tales of prowess from the gallant firemen.

Family friends remembered how he had to give up caddying for his distinguished father because he bawled with mortification every time Papa Taft missed a putt—which was plenty often. They remembered, too, that when young Bob was old enough to take up the family game of chess, he bawled just as loudly with anger at himself, not because he had lost

a game but because he had not won.

Came a time when Fire Company 10 saw him no more. Judge Taft had to go to the Philippines, of which McKinley had appointed him Civil Governor. The boys at the fire house gave Bob a complete set of fire signals to take with him to Manila. That fact is about all that the grown Bob seems to remember about his Far Eastern experiences—except that the Malacanang Palace, where the Governor General lived, was really a big house on stilts, and that he and Charlie used to go swimming off the porch in the dirty water below.

After a couple of years the boy was shipped home by army transport to begin his serious scholastic career at Uncle Horace Taft's famous school in Connecticut. He proceeded to lead his class at Taft, lead his class at Yale, lead his class at Harvard Law School.

"That's a rather overpowering record to his four sons," laughed Mrs. Taft. "They never hear about it from him, but are frequently and pointedly reminded of it by their mother."

The Tafts always had been good at their schoolbooks. Grandfather Alphonso had been third in his class at Yale; Father Bill, second in his. Bob simply had to keep up the progression and be first. He was also consumed at this period with a determination to be something on his own account and not just "Bill Taft's boy." His schoolbooks gave him that opportunity.

At his uncle's school he went out for the football team, but bad eyesight

kept him off the first squad. As a jayvee, however, he showed that old desire to excel. One day the first-team tackle against whom Bob played in practice went to the coach to say:

"You'll have to do something about Taft. He tackles me every time just as if we were playing Hotchkiss."

At Yale, Bob got plenty of A's but no Y. However, he has had the satisfaction recently of having been singled out by Yale alumni to receive the Montclair-Yale Bowl, a trophy rewarded annually to a graduate who has made his Y in life.

By the time Bob got to college his father had gotten to the White House, or, at least, was on his way. Bob's shyness made him want to keep mighty quiet about it.

All the Taft children were like that. Sister Helen Taft, on a shopping tour in New York while their residence was the White House, was asked by a salesgirl to give her father's name and address. "W. H. Taft," she replied. "He lives in Washington at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."

After law school, Bob, who had been scouted by practically every big Manhattan law firm, refused all offers, dashed back to his native Cincinnati, passed his bar exams—with the highest grade, of course, of any applicant in the state!—married Martha Bowers, gay pretty brown-eyed daughter of his father's Solicitor General, Lloyd Bowers, went to work for an old established firm of counselors, and reported for duty at

Republican precinct headquarters.

When war came, he promptly enlisted, only to be turned down on two attempts because of those confounded nearsighted eyes. So he did the next best thing: enlisted under Hoover, became assistant counsel to the Food Administration and later counsel to the American Relief Administration in Europe. For his work abroad he was decorated by Poland, Finland, and Belgium—three excellent countries for a 1940 Presidential candidate!—but no one has ever seen him wearing the buttons.

Back in Cincinnati, he became precinct committeeman, a post which he still holds. He has since been chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Hamilton County, and is now chairman of Columbia Township, the suburb where he lives.

Both Bob and Martha would disown that suburban implication. They consider themselves farmers, and, as a matter of fact, their home is on a sixty-acre farm which has been kept in cultivation every year. Martha takes charge of the flower garden, and Bob of the fruit and vegetable crops. A roadside stand is maintained to sell produce to passing motorists, just as on any other farm.

He was a member of the Ohio House of Representatives from 1921 to 1926, floor leader in '25, Speaker in '26; member of the Ohio Senate in '31-32. As chairman of a special Senate tax committee, he revolutionized a bad taxation situation affecting

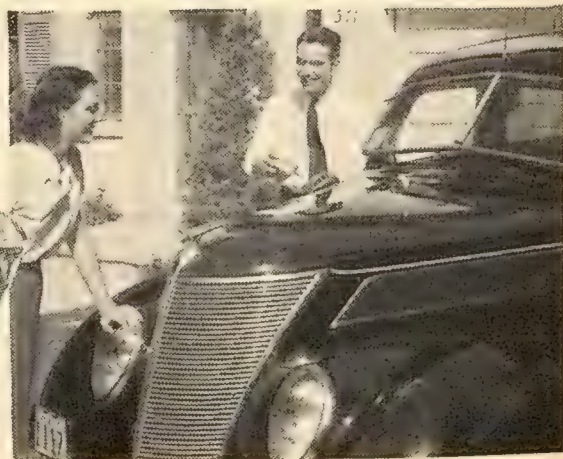
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Ohio municipalities. By 1938 he was a well known figure in the state, but he had never been seriously considered by the leaders for the Big Time.

The bosses doubted the popular appeal of a man of his type. The Neil House crowd which rules Ohio Republican politics liked him well enough. Although not strictly one of them, he had, whenever his conscience would let him, co-operated in the forwarding of party measures. But as a potential vote getter they felt that he lacked "color." So, although it was well known that he wanted the 1938 nomination for the United States Senate, they chose instead Judge Arthur Day, who is the mixer type.

Bob and Martha talked it over.

It isn't too much to say that if shy and retiring Bob Taft goes to the White House, it will be primarily Martha's doing. Not that she has made him what he is today. But she has revealed him to the world and, perhaps, to himself.

When Martha Bowers first met Robert Taft, in the days when he was a Yale undergraduate and she was a Washington subdeb, Bob was a pretty stiff proposition. His shyness and his preoccupation with intellectual matters did not contribute to his possibilities as a ladies' man or, for that matter, as one of the boys.

It would have been easy for a popular, high-spirited girl like Martha Bowers to set down lanky Bob as whatever was the 1913 equivalent of "sourpuss" and let him go at that.

Far from doing so, she began by inducing the gang to play charades—in which Bob did not shine as an actor but beat all comers at guessing the answers—and in time she worked him up to the point where he danced a very neat "Boston" and even went for jolly before-breakfast rides in Rock Creek Park.

Married to Taft in 1914, she became at once, with her beauty and her social tact, a tremendous political asset to the bashful and nearsighted young politician. "As each guest introduced himself," wrote an observer

of one of the Tafts' earlier receptions, "Mrs. Taft grasped his hand firmly, looked him straight in the eyes, repeated his name, and started a conversation. Every hand she shook won a heart and a vote."

Bob himself is not a man easily discouraged. Martha is a feminine Rock of Gibraltar. So, after talking matters over in the summer of 1938, they decided that it didn't make any difference to them whether a lot of politicians wanted Bob for United States Senator. *They* wanted him. So they would go it alone.

The story of those two campaigns—the one for the nomination against Judge Day and the one for the election against Senator Bulkley—is the real timely story of Robert Alphonso Taft. It must go over until next week. But, just to give an idea of the kind of romantic story it is, here is a quotation from an Ohio newspaper the morning after the voters made their decision.

"Yesterday," stated the paper with entire truth, "Martha and Bob were elected to the United States Senate!"

A rattling good story it is, too—a story of political races in which the seeming Robert A. Tortoise and his sprightly and charming helpmeet distanced two of their state's nimblest hares! What is its significance to the political forecaster in this Presidential year? That will speak for itself, with due help from Mr. Collins, in Liberty next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

- 1—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
- 2—Reps. Harry B. Coffee and John M. Coffee; Sen. Claude Pepper; Sen. Hattie W. Caraway; Rep. William H. Wheat.
- 3—Nathaniel Hawthorne; Conan Doyle; Baroness Orczy.
- 4—By radio broadcast.
- 5—Right.
- 6—The United Kingdom, Canada, and Japan, in that order, as of 1938.
- 7—Col. "Wild Bill" Donovan.
- 8—Yes; at 37.96 degrees F.
- 9—It lives underground seventeen years.
- 10—Rainbow trout, 31; steelhead, 42; lake, 80.
- 11—35,003 years.
- 12—Connecticut, Georgia, Iowa, Maine, South Dakota.
- 13—Denver. The boiling point of water is lowered one degree F. for every 550 feet of ascent above sea level.
- 14—The census.
- 15—Bachelor of Arts; able-bodied seaman.
- 16—Joppa.
- 17—Pearl Buck.
- 18—Mexico.
- 19—A genius.
- 20—

Franklin D. Roosevelt

WHEN CUPID DEALS THE CARDS

(Can you pick the winner?)



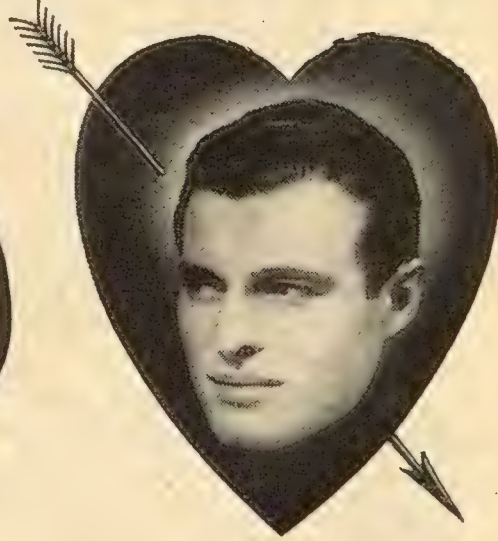
It wouldn't be the King of Clubs,
Love would soon exclaim.
He combs his hair with water
Kreml would keep it tame.



Nor would the King of Diamonds
Make a gal sing hi de ho.
He packs his hair with
greasy goo—
Looks like a gigolo!



And when the cards are
chosen,
This one won't be called.
Kreml can never help him,
Poor guy, he's just too bald.



But with the King of Hearts
It's love's old sweet
story.
Because he uses Kreml
His hair's a crowning glory.

DON'T douse your hair with water to comb it. Water washes away natural oils—leaves hair wild and unmanageable. Don't go to the other extreme and pack hair with greasy goo. Use Kreml regularly. It keeps hair in place and looking its natural best. But still more important, Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff

scales and relieves itching scalp.

Ladies! Kreml puts your hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes them look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and pliable.

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**REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

A BEST-SELLER IN MOVIELAND

Howard Spring's *My Son, My Son* encounters a violent transformation—and discovers a rising young player

★ ★ ★ 1/2 MY SON, MY SON

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward, Laraine Day, Henry Hull, Josephine Hutchinson, Sophie Stewart, Bruce Lester, Scotty Beckett, Brenda Henderson, Teddy Moorwood, May Beatty, Stanley Logan, Lionel Belmore, Howard Davies, Mary Gordon, David Clyde, Vesey O'Davaran, Pat Flaherty, Victor Kendall. Screen play by Lenore Coffee, based on Howard Spring's novel. Directed by Charles Vidor. Produced by Edward Small-United Artists. Running time, 105 minutes.

It remains to be seen whether those who were intrigued by Howard Spring's British best seller will be completely satisfied with this adaptation which wanders far afield from the original yarn. The Spring novel had an overabundance of plot, character, and implication. This simplifies the story of the Essex and O'Riorden families. William Essex climbs from bakery helper to famous novelist, Dermot O'Riorden from wild Irish patriot to become a celebrated creator of furniture and house interiors.

Mostly it is the story of the relations of Essex with his weak, spoiled son Oliver, and how the boy, a liar and a cheat, wrecks the doting father's tries for happiness, brings tragedy to the O'Riordens as well.

None of this works out quite as Spring wrote it. Whether it is right, for cinematic effectiveness, to shift a popular story about, even remotivate it, amputate characters, achieve a new climax, is not to be argued here. Scenarist Lenore Coffee, in rebuilding, has achieved a highly effective story, the direction of Charles Vidor is skillful, the acting is compelling.

Laraine Day, hitherto an unknown ingénue, is the hit of the picture. She plays Maeve, the daughter of the O'Riorden household, and makes vivid the girl who climbs to stage fame and then throws it all away.

Brian Aherne is excellent in his nicely restrained performance of William Essex; Louis Hayward makes Oliver an interesting pathological study; but I was disappointed in Madeleine Carroll's oddly matronly Livia.

A somberly interesting story, if only partly Howard Spring.

VITAL STATISTICS: Laraine Day was a pretty minor actress on the M-G-M lot when producer Eddie Small selected her for this. Laraine turns in the hit performance, which shows you never can tell. Miss Day really is a Mormon, was born in Salt Lake City, goes regularly to the Church of the Latter-day Saints. Never smokes, touches no liquor, is very serious about her acting. Lionel Barrymore says

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

she's the most promising youngster on the M-G-M lot. . . . Eddie Small paid \$50,000 for the film rights to *My Son, My Son*. . . . Work on the picture interrupted the honeymoon of Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine. So they deferred a trip to New York until Brian finished as William Essex. . . . Louis Hayward had planned a South American trip with his bride, Ida Lupino, after this film but had to call it off. He's to do *The Son of Monte Cristo*. His *The Man in the Iron Mask* was one of the box-office surprises of the past year. . . . Miss Carroll will appear in a new Cecil De Mille spectacle. . . . Make-up man Don Cash was the Father Time of this picture. He "aged" Aherne and Hull over a period of a quarter of a century. No easy job, for it had to be done by gentle, hardly noticeable stages.

★ ★ ★ 1/2 ROAD TO SINGAPORE

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Charles Coburn, Judith Barrett, Anthony Quinn, Jerry Colonna. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler, based on a story by Harry Hervey. Directed by Victor Schertz-

zinger. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 81 minutes.

COMBINING the boop-a-doop of Bing Crosby with the brash, flip comedy of Bob Hope was a happy thought. This has the sarong appeal of Dorothy Lamour thrown in for good measure. Result: a pleasant film with music, action, and wisecracks.

The plot has to do with a lazy rich lad and a hard-boiled sailor who once was a medicine man, trying to get away from it all—chiefly women—on a South Sea island. Then they encounter Miss Lamour, and the good resolutions, as well as the palship, are severely strained. Rich dad pursues Bing with the girl he wants him to wed. You guess the rest.

Bing and Bob are amusing, sing some songs, battle in water-front saloons and smart yachts at the drop of a sneer. Dorothy is the sultry siren who croons ingratiatingly in excellent English about the moon.

VITAL STATISTICS: Research workers report that Dorothy Lamour really doesn't wear a sarong at all. No fooling, it's a sinjang. A sarong covers both—er—legs at all times. Dottie's garment doesn't. Or haven't you noticed? . . . Bing and Bob are neighbors, frequent golfing partners at Lakeside Golf Club, where Crosby twice has been club champ. But they've never worked together before. . . . The research department tried to keep the film's locale vague. There's a dash of Samoa, a touch of Fiji, a bit of Bali, a jab of Javanese. That native chant is done in Esperanto. . . . Charles Coburn always wears a monocle offstage. But he isn't English. Born in Georgia. . . . Watch for an attractive Chinese girl in the water-front café sequence. She's Mary Wong, sister of Anna May. . . . All three stars of this once worked in stores. Dottie Lamour was an elevator operator in Chicago's Marshall Field's. Bing was a cashboy in the Culbertson, Groat and Rankin store in Spokane, Bob sold shoes for the William Taylor Company in Cleveland. And Director Schertzinger once sold pianos for Gimbel's in New York. . . . The two comedians fell overboard sculling a native dugout on Lake Baldwin, near Santa Anita. It was so good they left it in.

★ ★ ★ 1/2 YOUNG TOM EDISON

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette, Victor Kilian, Bobbie Jordan, J. M. Kerrigan, Lloyd Corrigan, John Kellogg, Clem Bevans, Eily Malyon, Harry Shannon. Screen play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary, and Hugo Butler, based on material by H. A. Alan Dunn. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

THE first half—complete in itself—of an interesting screen experiment. Here, in picturesque detail, are the early years in the life of Thomas Edison, with Mickey Rooney as the boy inventor.

You might easily anticipate that this would be done broadly for comedy. Actually, Mickey acts with nice



Brian Aherne and Madeleine Carroll in *My Son, My Son*.

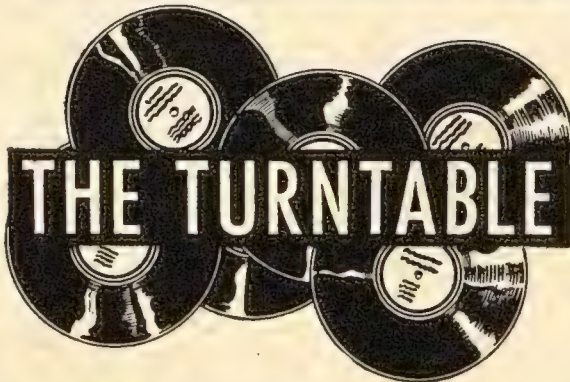
restraint (but not too much) the boy who was misunderstood by his home town of Port Huron, even misunderstood by his father. He doesn't fit pioneer school routine, he is looked upon as not a little addled, he starts off on his own as a candy butcher on a Detroit-Port Huron train, he picks up telegraphy, he tries experiments with chemicals in the baggage car where his candy is stored, and he has his ears soundly boxed by the conductor. It was this ear boxing that brought on his later deafness. When he accidentally sets the baggage car on fire, he loses his job—and he starts out in the world to find himself.

All this is told with screen license, but Mickey makes the young Edison a real boy out of Mark Twain. There is an excellent performance of Edison's mother by Fay Bainter, and his sister is nicely done by Virginia Weidler.

VITAL STATISTICS: Incidents in the life of the boy Edison are fairly accurate. The nitroglycerin explosion is fiction; some of the other moments are shifted about. The saving of the train by Morse code whistle signals was built up from a real event in which Edison sent messages across a Port Huron river blocked with ice. Other events are true, such as the saving of the station agent's baby, the cellar laboratory, the job as a train news butcher and the boyish newspaper he published. . . . Mickey was schooled in Tom's mannerisms. Edison always was putting his hands in his pockets, pulling at an eyebrow while thinking. Also he adored apple pie and milk, and his love for the old song Sweet Genevieve continued through the years. Mickey used no make-up. He was sent to Greenfield Village at Dearborn to see Henry Ford's collection of Edisoniana. . . . The train sequence was shot at Sonora, California, with two real wood-burning engines of the 1860 era.

Short review:

★ ★ ½ **THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY** (Walter Wanger-United Artists). A minor but well acted melodrama of a gambler who gets sent to Alcatraz for ten years and the attempts of his pretty bride to stick by him. There are novelties, such as the "rock widows" trying to maintain themselves in Frisco within sight of the prison. The acting of Joan Bennett, George Raft, and Walter Pidgeon is highly efficient. (88 minutes.)



A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings BY LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ ★ **BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5 in C Minor.** Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (Victor Album 640). Dramatic music played with unfor-

gettable intensity and control. The orchestra responds exceptionally well to Toscanini's interpretation of the second and third movements.

★ ★ ★ ½ **TCHAIKOVSKY: Nutcracker Suite.** Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Frederick Stock (Columbia Album 395). Rich sonorous tone of this orchestra and Stock's emphasis on the long musical line particularly effective in the *Miniature Overture*, *Arabian Dance*, and *Waltz of the Flowers*.

★ ★ ★ ½ **SCHUBERT: Quartet No. 9 in G Minor.** The Coolidge Quartet (Victor Album 641). A warm vigorous composition . . . players make most of opportunity . . . demonstrate complete command of its rhythmic and melodic intricacies.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★ **Bye and Bye.** Negro spiritual sung by the Hall Johnson Choir (Victor 4460). Hauntingly beautiful melody carried by tenor, with the choir filling in backgrounds. *Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho* and *Walk Together, Chillun* are on other side.

★ ★ ★ **Businessmen's Bounce.** Raymond Scott's Orchestra (Columbia 35364). A typical Scott composition . . . his fourteen-piece group offers full sax tones and clipped rhythms . . . clever fadeout. The *Peanut Vendor* on reverse is strikingly treated.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★ ½ **Starlit Hour.** Glenn Miller's Orchestra (Bluebird 10553). Unique sax harmony with strong brass backgrounds. . . . Ray Eberle sings this very well. The coupling, *In an Old Dutch Garden*, neatly played at medium fast tempo.

★ ★ ★ ½ **Busy as a Bee.** Benny Goodman's Orchestra (Columbia 35356). A swell rhythm tune. . . . Henderson's arrangement alternates reed and brass sections with Benny's clarinet above them . . . Helen Forrest sings. *Zaggin with Zig*, trumpeter Ziggy Elman leading, starts feet tapping.

★ ★ ★ **I've Got My Eyes on You.** Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26470). Fine rendition of Cole Porter tune . . . features Tommy on trombone and Allan DeWitt on vocal. *I Concentrate on You* on B side has words that fit. . . . Sung by Anita Boyer.

★ ★ ★ **The Gaucho Serenade.** Eddie Duchin's Orchestra (Columbia 35360). Danceable tune well sung by John MacAfee . . . ends with a delicate piano chorus from leader Duchin. The band also clicks with *Ooh! What You Said* on other side.

SWING

★ ★ ★ ½ **Haven't Named It Yet.** Lionel Hampton's Orchestra (Victor 26476). Catlett's drumming is outstanding. . . . The coupling, *I'm on My Way from You*, spotlights Allen's trumpet and Higginbotham's trombone.

★ ★ ★ **A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody.** The Varsity Seven (Varsity 8179). A jam session takes off from this tune . . . fine rhythm section holds it together . . . there are four excellent instrumental solos. *Shake It and Break It* on other side has lively vocalizing by Joe Turner.

★ ★ ★ **Seven Come Eleven.** Benny Goodman's Sextet (Columbia 35349). Begins with an intriguing bass figure by Artie Bernstein . . . the Goodman clarinet, Hampton vibraphone, and Christian guitar shine throughout. *Shivers*, on reverse side, full of interesting improvisations.



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WHAT JIMMY ROOSEVELT IS DOING *in Hollywood*



Here are the rumors—and the facts!... The President's son discusses his new career

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

JOE KENNEDY once told me, "There are only two pursuits that get in your blood—politics and the motion-picture business." I believe there is already enough politics in my blood," grinned the president of Hollywood's Globe Productions, Incorporated.

Globe Productions is the youngest film-producing company in Hollywood. Its president, treasurer, executive manager, and principal stockholder is James Roosevelt, the eldest son of the President of the United States.

Although "Jimmy" has been in Hollywood only a short time, he has managed to be very much in Hollywood's news. Most recently, on the professional side, because of his startling plans to produce miniature movies for drop-a-coin automatic sound-film projectors—the so-called "slot-machine movies" for clubs, cafés, cocktail bars, and public places. And, in his private life, for the divorce of him and his wife of ten years, the former Betsey Cushing of Boston.

Over his desk at the United Artists studios in Hollywood the other day, I asked Jimmy why he had come to Hollywood and about his new plans for a future here. I asked him

because long before now—in fact, ever since he resigned his job as secretary to his father, the President, and cast his fortunes with Hollywood—James Roosevelt has been an object of avid public curiosity.

When James Roosevelt entered the Mayo Clinic a year and a half ago to have a stomach ulcer removed, there was no remote hint of his subsequent new career and new life in Hollywood. Upon convalescence, Jimmy, patently green and inexperienced in the highly specialized show business of Hollywood, suddenly burst into the big-time film-production picture, first with the fabulous Samuel Goldwyn, and now with his own million-dollar company and his own original projects.

This of itself has posed some questions for some time.

Why is Jimmy in Hollywood? Why, in the first place, did the President's capable and popular son voluntarily throw over the prestige and influence of his position at the White House? Why did he abandon an apparently certain political future both in his home state and in the nation? While still under thirty, he had been solicited to run for Governor of Massachusetts. He had won the only two elective posts he had ever sought—a seat at the Massachusetts State Constitutional Convention and one at

the 1936 Democratic National Convention. He was even mentioned as a some-day successor to Franklin D. Roosevelt in the highest office of the land.

Why did he trade such a shining future in public affairs for the fickle rewards of Hollywood?

Recently the Washington Merry-Go-Round column of Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, most widely read of all syndicated capital comment, stated government agencies had received confidential reports that Jimmy's salary was not paid by Samuel Goldwyn alone but by a group of movie moguls who are at odds with the government.

Washington Merry-Go-Round later chewed its own words thus: "Further investigation convinces us that there is no truth to the report circulated in some government circles that Jimmy Roosevelt's salary is being paid in part by movie moguls who have tax cases with the Government. He has kept scrupulously aloof from these cases."

But around the head of James Roosevelt still swirls a fantastic gust of conjecture regarding his real status in Hollywood. A few:

Jimmy is in Hollywood to reform and reorganize the movies.

He is here to make propaganda pictures.

He is here to save the skins of screen magnates facing the federal antitrust investigations.

He is planning a political future in California; he is bringing his former Boston insurance business to the Coast; he is movie-struck.

James Roosevelt is charming, like his famous father, and also candid. "Frankly," he said, "the reason I am in Hollywood is to make entertainment, and to make it pay. I'm in business with my own money and that of some of my friends. It is a commercial enterprise on my part, and I hope a service, too. Because I believe good entertainment is an important service to the public."

The new coin-machine films will be made to run between two and three minutes. Jimmy's Globe company is to make the pictures, one a week, starting in May. By midsummer, he

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PIMPLES**
ARE MAKING YOU A
"SOCIAL OUTCAST"—



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RELIEF!**

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GIRLS ENTERING
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Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

hopes, the machines supplied by his business partners in the venture, the Mills Novelty Company of Chicago, will be widely distributed, playing brief entertainment pictures in public places on 18-by-24-inch screens in response to the clink of anything from a nickel to a quarter.

"I'm enthusiastic about it," he said, "because it's a new noncompetitive business, and because it has so many possibilities for the testing, exploitation, and employment of new talent. If it will serve to make jobs and money too, I'll be very happy."

He answered my other questions: "I have no mission to reform or reorganize anything in Hollywood."

"I am grinding no axes for any one in Washington or anywhere else, and I couldn't if I wanted to. As for helping the screen industry escape federal antitrust measures: I actually have nothing to do with it and know nothing about it."

I HAVE never received a cent from any person or firm in Hollywood, except my salary as vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, and now my salary as head of Globe Productions.

"The Boston insurance firm of Roosevelt & Sargent, Incorporated, has recently applied for a permit to do business in California, I believe. I still own stock in the company, and my mother is a director. But I have no active business connection with the firm, and anticipate none here."

"I have no plans for any pictures propagandizing anything. My first picture will be the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, *The Bat*. I've also bought *Two on Tour*, an original romantic adventure story, and *Love Song*, a novelette by Ursula Parrott. I've purposely picked stories in which there is no political creed or philosophy to sell or even suggest."

"As for political office in California, I have no ambitions in that line whatever. I'll always have a vital interest in politics and public life. I would be the last person to say I'll never go back into public life if I thought I could contribute anything. Right now I know I can't. But I have always said I was not interested in running for any office. I'll say that again now."

"I am definitely going to stick here in Hollywood and make a success. I pay taxes in California and I'll vote here. If I should leave Hollywood after establishing my business here, I will not leave the motion-picture business."

Since his divorce, however, there seems indeed no evident reason why James Roosevelt should consider leaving Hollywood. Except for his own family and his two daughters, Sara Delano, seven, and Kate, four, who remain in the custody of his wife, Jimmy has few important ties with his former home, the East.

Rumors have linked Jimmy romantically with Romelle Schneider, his nurse at Mayo's, whose sister Phyllis is his Hollywood secretary. He has

made no comment, but has been misquoted in the press to the effect that he would not marry Miss Schneider. What he said was that he had no plans. In any event, California law requires a year between interlocutory and final divorce decrees, so that rumor can take a rest for a year.

I asked James Roosevelt how he happened to choose Hollywood and the movies as a career.

"Because I had to make a living in some new field, and I believe the opportunities of the motion-picture business more closely fit my experience and training than those of any other business," he replied at once.

"When I entered Mayo's," he explained, "I fully intended to return to my secretarial post in the White House. When I left, I realized that was impossible. My doctors told me I must rest and maintain regular hours if I hoped to keep my health."

"I couldn't see my way clear to carry on my White House duties under those new circumstances. The hours of a Presidential secretary are necessarily irregular and long. The responsibility was heavy."

"I didn't want to go back into the insurance business in Boston. I had been out of it four years. I had learned, too, that a President's son in the insurance business is open to accusations—accusations which are easy to make and difficult to refute. To the best of my knowledge, none of them were true. But I did not want to put myself in any such position again."

"So I faced a decision about my business future. I've always been extremely interested in motion pictures, both as a medium of expression and as a great industry. I met Samuel Goldwyn at a dinner party given by Walter Wanger, and we talked motion pictures. He made me an offer and I accepted."

If a wide and varied experience with people is a factor of success in Hollywood, then Jimmy Roosevelt should be a natural. He has made six trips abroad, studying the people and governments of European nations, including the Scandinavian. He's the veteran of two Presidential campaigns, traveling across the continent with his father on speaking tours three times in 1932 and twice in 1936. He has visited and spoken in some 1,000 American towns. He made a political caravan junket through his own Massachusetts. He accompanied the President on his good-will tour to South America. Across his desk in the White House he interviewed Americans from every walk of life, and discussed with them their diverse problems.

If Hollywood success takes a business head, Jimmy has proved he has that too. After Groton and Harvard he entered Boston University Law School for a brief course in business law. While there he met and married the former Betsey Cushing, and learned, among other things, that a married man must support his wife and be independent of his family.

Jimmy bagged a job at fifty dollars a week with a Boston insurance firm, attending classes in the mornings, working in the afternoons. From that time on he has been self-supporting. And it must be admitted that he has done all right.

Whether or not his name helped, as it has been inferred, he built his insurance business into a very profitable concern which netted him an income of between \$25,000 and \$45,000 a year, according to his own figures. He gave this up to take the White House secretariat at \$10,000.

Besides this, James Roosevelt once functioned as business reorganizer of a yeast company in Belleville, New Jersey. In six months he set up a profitable system there which has been making money ever since. He still operates his farm near Framingham, Massachusetts, where he plants 10,000 Christmas trees a year for the market.

His actual moving-picture business experience is limited, but not nearly as limited as is generally supposed. In Boston he officiated as a trustee of the Paramount Theater for his initial brush with show business. His experience in buying pictures there gave him contact with the exhibiting end of the business. His year just ended with the shrewd movie veteran, Sam Goldwyn, has given him intensive training in both actual studio production and distribution. Before canceling his contract by mutual agreement, to form

his own Globe Productions, Jimmy traveled 80,000 miles, met 500 theater exhibitors and film salesmen, bookers, and circuit heads in eleven countries. He climaxed the Goldwyn association by a whirlwind trip to England and the Continent, putting over *Wuthering Heights* abroad. The impressive job he did there is still the talk of Hollywood.

Already Jimmy has surrounded himself with some of the best production brains in the picture business. He has avoided term contract players, large overhead, and the usual expensive mistakes of expansive Hollywood tycoons. He owns a world-wide distributing contract for his pictures with United Artists. He has already made several flying trips selling the new Roosevelt personality to theater owners all over the country for Globe Productions. He has shown sound showmanship so far in his choice of scripts. Personally, he's unusually popular in Hollywood, very definitely a town where personal popularity helps.

As a citizen in Hollywood's motion-picture colony, James Roosevelt has already made his presence known outside his own business affairs. As might be expected of a Roosevelt, he concerns himself with the unfortunate. He is a member of the special case committee of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and has already wangled extra money from producers to provide for the industry's pension cases, actors and workers who are

unemployed now and always will be. He is hard at work now on a retirement plan to assure annual old-age incomes over and above the inadequate government provisions.

As a Hollywood personality, Jimmy has had a taste of the goldfish-bowl life. He does not go out much socially; but the other night, entertaining some friends from the East, he took in the Coconut Grove. The current floor show divertissement there was a herd of off-balance rocking horses which spill their gay riders in uproarious postures on the dance floor. Morton Downey, the master of ceremonies, spotted James and called for a Roosevelt rough ride. There wasn't much Jimmy could do except be a sport.

He fell off, of course, and camera flash bulbs popped. "Now I suppose," chuckled James Roosevelt wryly, "people all over the country think I live in night clubs and spend my time riding hobbyhorses!"

As the President's son turned producer, his embarrassments are sometimes even more personal. His mail has been enormous. There are the usual requests for jobs, tests, breaks in the movies, and such. The magic of the name Roosevelt also inspires confidence in getting almost anything done. He showed me one letter from a woman which read: "Dear Mr. Roosevelt: I need a husband. I would be very satisfied if you would get me Robert Donat!"

THE END



This is a scene from Mickey Rooney's "Young Tom Edison"—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture starring Mickey Rooney as Tom Edison, and Virginia Weidler as Tannie Edison.

EDISON'S DREAM CAME TRUE IN G-E MAZDA LAMPS!

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25 to 100
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15¢



G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—After seventeen years of being a hopeless drunkard I have at last found God. It all started when a friend showed me an article in September 30 Liberty, headed Alcoholics and God, by Morris Markey. The story made a deep impression on me at the time, but it didn't take. I have always scoffed at sacred things. I continued to drink.

During the past seventeen years I have held many positions and jobs. A list of the firms that I have worked for would read like a roll call of American industry. I have been let out or discharged by every one of those firms because of drink.

I had reached the point where my last few friends had given me up as a hopeless case. I would pawn anything I could lay my hands on—my clothes, my car, or any one's belongings. It didn't make any difference to me, just so long as I could get a bottle out of it. Sometimes, during a brief sober spell, I would look at myself in amazement. Long hair, puffy eyes, and bloated figure were just a few of the results of my weakness. There didn't seem to be much hope. My own family was down on me, and as a matter of fact I had moved out and was living with a very religious old uncle and aunt.

One night I got a bottle of wine and started off on another big drunk. Of course one bottle of wine was just a starter, and drink costs money. I looked around for something to hock, and my eyes fell on my uncle's radio. I disconnected it and started out to make a sale. It wasn't difficult to find a buyer for a fifty-dollar radio on sale for a dollar and seventy-five cents.

DOUBLE YOLK—DOUBLE CROSS?

NORTH BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—Answering Mr. Jukes, who claims possession of the remarkable Red hen (February 17 Vox Pop). This "informer" (?), whoever he is, must have himself taken the "Reds" close to his bosom: First, because he allows his hen to roost on his newspaper. Second, he implicates Mr. Dies and his committee, somewhat ironically. Third, he shows earmarks of one of those "liberal" New Dealers who are trying to discredit facts that pointedly implicate

I came to the next morning with the usual hangover and feeling of remorse. If these old people had given me the hell I so richly deserved I might have felt better. But they didn't. My aunt started out on her old story about putting myself in the hands of God and asking His help. The article I had read in Liberty flashed through my mind.

I remembered the "cure" patient who while lying in bed had suddenly found God. I recalled how he had seen the light and decided to put his problem in the hands of Somebody Else. I don't think there had been a tear in my eyes since childhood; but something broke inside of me and I found myself weeping. The old lady asked me to get down on my knees and listen to her prayer. I knelt and listened. When I got to my feet I experienced a deep feeling of peace.

I washed my face and started to leave the house. But she had not finished with me yet. She detained me. Then a young man of about my own age came in. He is the son of a good man who conducts a mission for down-and-outs in a poorer section of our town.

He didn't preach. He said that from now on it would be up to me and God. The next thing I knew, I was down on my knees again, sobbing out the words of a prayer as he gave them to me.

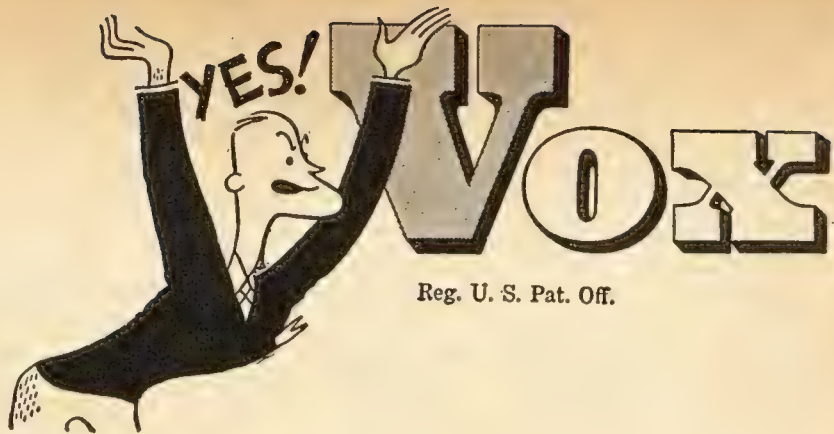
Yes, score a victory for Liberty. I now know the real meaning of freedom. I am free of a curse that has held me in its grasp for seventeen years.

So here I am, at thirty-four, starting all over again. But I know now that, through the grace of God, I can win.—A New Man.

them in their iniquities. He may expect now a visit to his hen house, and had best be on



the watch nights, anyway. Was the double yolk a "double cross"?—G. G.



"STOPPED OUR GAME"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What are you trying to do—break up our bridge club? Well, your article on adopting a baby, by Margaret Lukes Wise and Clara Belle Thompson (February 10 Liberty), certainly stopped our game this week. All of us agreed that it was a splendid, well written article.

What caused the—shall I politely call it "discussion"?—was the paragraph to the effect that the babies of unwed mothers proved to be no risk in adoption. Isn't there some character weakness involved in just that fact—that they are illegitimate children? Doesn't this weakness affect the children in any way?—Helen Sherman.

(I save my pennies carefully
To buy hot dog with pickle.
And then I spy a Liberty.
And—darn! There goes my nickel!
—warbles Elizabeth M. Coffee of
Elwood, New Jersey.

TED'S HORATIO BONER

SARASOTA, FLA.—Ted Shane got badly mixed up in his February 24 puzzle. 38 vertical he defined wrong. Got Shakespeare's Horatio mixed up with Horatius, the famous Roman defending the bridge over the Tiber.

I agree with the Vox Popper who would like a contest in Cockeyed Puzzles, but would suggest that T. S. get a little more familiar with Latin history before he uses it again in his definitions. Horatio defined as "Winner of the first bridge tournament"! It was certainly a fine boner.—H. H. Gadsby.

("If I were a New Yorker," writes Pete Gates of Topeka, Kansas, "I would start an Anti-Dewey Club for President. He is too great a man for the Presidency, as far as they are concerned. What will happen to New York when he is gone?"

INHERITED OR PILED UP?

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Tommy Manville in his autobiography (February 17 Liberty) says in one paragraph that he inherited his fortune of \$30,000,000 from his father. In a later paragraph he boasts that he was smart enough to pile up the \$30,000,000 from an original \$12,000,000. Now, Vox Pop, how did he get this money?—Gene Schochet.

("Where but in America can you buy a suit that has two pairs of pants?" challenges Mary Oliver Goudy of Tumwater, Washington. "Or win \$5,000 by writing a slogan for Whoseum's Soap?"

CANARY CONNIPTIONS

HASTINGS, NEB.—Please put me on the list of several thousand people who will



write Princess Alexandra Kropotkin in answer to her canary problem. (February 24 Liberty).

Practically all canaries go into conniptions when humans approach their cages with hats on. The reason is simple. They know that hats are not to be worn in the house.

Also I'd like to inform the Princess that almost every canary has a very interesting vocabulary, which is evidenced by a different note or chirp to indicate his desire for any particular article of food, a bath, etc.

In some cases there is a distinctly different note to identify each member of the family.—T. S. Burr.



AWAKE AT THE WHEEL

DETROIT, MICH.—I read with interest Mr. Macfadden's article entitled *Asleep at the Wheel* (December 23 Liberty) and thought it very good until I came to the part suggesting that drivers do as he did—stop the car, go over in a field, lie on your back and point your dogs at the stars.

I just must be too dumb to understand such a cure, coming as it does from a man that has been telling Roosevelt how to put people *back* on their feet.

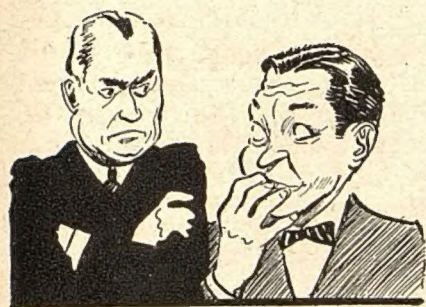
February 10 Vox Pop has some very novel cures for catnapping at the wheel. You have your choice of reciting poetry, whistling, blowing yourself out of the car, smacking yourself on the kisser, and several others.

All the above methods may be excellent. However, here's mine:

Before starting out on the drive, select a nagging back-seat driver as a companion. That's all.—*Ray S. Findlay.*

BITE 'EM DELIBERATELY!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Habits are not always most easily broken by trying to skip them. On the contrary, a new theory, which has been successfully applied to many bad



habits, is that a habit can be broken by performing the act intentionally.

For example, people have been cured of the habit of chewing their fingernails by setting aside certain periods of the day in which to bite

the nails deliberately. Such a method should, of course, be carried out only under proper and well qualified direction.—*Pencil Chewer.*

AND NO CLOSE SHAVES?

VALLEY CITY, N. D.—In February 17 Liberty, on page 52, there is a very good cartoon of the typical Indian. Was quite surprised to see the electric razor, as I have yet to see an Indian with a beard.

Please correct me if I happen to be wrong about this.—*J. L. McAllister.*

(Pipes up C. H. Marsh of New Haven, Connecticut: "In February 10 Liberty's three-star movies I saw the following: *The Old Maid*, *In Name Only*, *What a Life*."

MORE RADIO CENSORSHIP

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Judging from the enclosed clipping from this morning's Los Angeles Times, Mr. Oursler is not the only one who is being throttled in free speech over the radio. Maybe we can stir Washington freedom-loving representatives into action.—*Paul E. Hunt.*

(Enclosure)

FEAR OF LOSING RADIO LICENSE CURBS FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Fear of license revocation hangs like a sword of Damocles to curtail freedom of speech by the way of the radio in at least some broadcasting stations, it was learned yesterday.

One Los Angeles station recently handed a broadcaster a printed card on which was the statement:

"Due to Federal Communications Bureau regulation and censorship of radio broadcasting stations and possible revocation of license, no jokes or derogatory remarks concerning Federal government, officials of the Federal government, State officials or President of the United States

are permitted over the air. Please be governed accordingly as we do not wish to embarrass our station."

(Edna Fleming Ohler of Dundee, Oregon, tells us: "My sheepherder friend Cougar Joe says: 'It's so barren, the jack rabbits carry lunches across this country.'"

HITLER AND CO. ARE GENII

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on the splendid story on Hitler by Pierre van Paassen (February 17 Liberty). It should be read, from end to end, across America. It is what I have personally been contending for a long time—and it is substantially what Messrs. Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and Himmler hinted to me last summer when I interviewed them in Danzig and in Berlin.

The world is in this war for keeps, and if our press continues to ignore the fact that Hitler and his cohorts are genii, the United States will be drawn into it far sooner than most of us care to realize.

Again congratulations on your courage in printing this story when you did.—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

("Your slogan should read, not 'Liberty for Liberals with Common Sense,' but 'Liberty—for dimwits with five cents,'" jeers P. A. Durch of Colfax, Iowa.

MOTHER-IN-LAW BOILS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Did you know that the United States Public Health Service has discovered a new disease—"mother-in-law boils"?

Some time ago Dr. Karl A. Menninger, the psychiatrist,

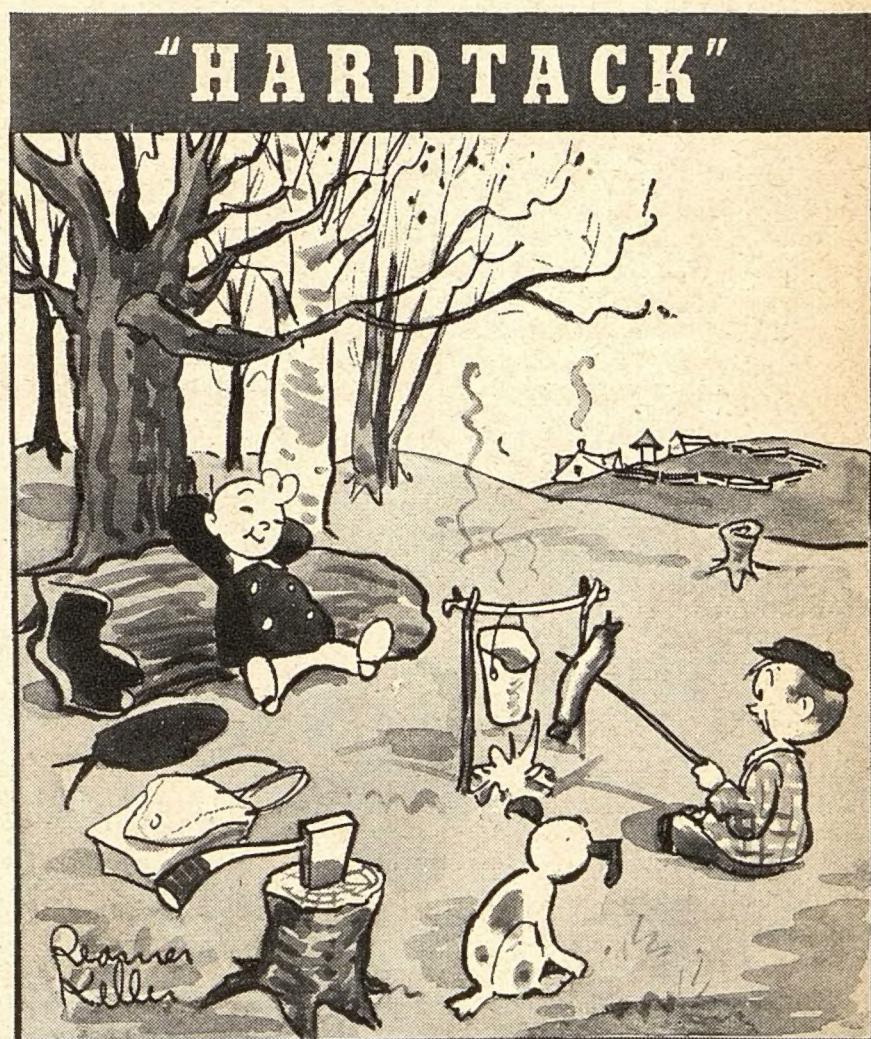


described for the Service the case of a young married woman who always broke out all over with large boils whenever her mother-in-law arrived for a visit. As soon as the mother-in-law left, the boils immediately disappeared.—*Janet Hooksey.*

TURNTABLE IS SPLENDID!

BALTIMORE, MD.—What a wonderful addition the Turntable is! It gives us such splendid and outstanding reviews of recent phonographic records.

Thanks to Liberty, keeping abreast of the times as usual.—*Mrs. Joseph Newman.*



"It certainly feels good to sit back after a meal and not have to worry about doin' the dishes."

Yes, Young Man—There Is A Job For You!



FULTON OURSLER

Photo by Marjorie Collins
of Black Star

"YOU DON'T seem to realize," writes J. P. H. of Providence, Rhode Island, "that exposing Communism and Nazism is not getting you anywhere—you nor the government nor the people the government is supposed to represent. Who cares whether the Youth Congress

is Communistic or not? What matters is that millions of young people are coming to the point of needing a job every year. If jobs are not found for them, this country will blow up.

"The explosion will come for more reasons than one. Young people, if they are normal and healthy, generally fall in love, and they want to marry, found a home, and bring children into the world. But to get married takes money. To get money you have to have a job.

"This is the most tragic problem confronting American youth today—threatening to destroy its character, its morale, its restraint, even its loyalty. Why so? Because at a time when the life forces are strongest within them, when love calls to love, they must suppress this mating instinct—they cannot afford to get married. They haven't got jobs. And this is only one phase of today's urgent question—jobs for youth.

"It was because Mussolini offered to satisfy that want that Italy allowed him to become dictator. Hitler took over Germany because he promised a job for every one. You say it can't happen here; but I say there are millions of us who feel that the world owes us the opportunity to earn our living. Something has got to be done about us."

THIS LETTER

is typical of thousands that have come to us in the last few months. It is not enough to answer these young people with the statement that their problem is only a part of a general one and that jobs for men past forty are just as necessary as jobs for men under twenty-five. That is what President Roosevelt told the Youth Congress, but his young audience was not much interested in his long-range view of the subject. They wanted jobs. It is useless to tell them also that every leader today is trying to find, and generally believes that he has found, the way to start the wheels of industry going again and thus reopen the doors of re-employment. Such answers will not satisfy young persons intelligent enough to write a letter as thought-provoking as the one above.

SUCH LETTERS COME

from superior young people, ambitious men and women unwilling to wait for a general settlement, determined to get ahead now in spite of nation-wide conditions. For people as ambitious as that there are always jobs. Practical advice on how to find their place in the present scheme of things without waiting for

the millennium is all that such truly ambitious ones need. That practical advice J. P. H., and all those who are like him, will find in Liberty next week. The advice comes from a man who only a few years ago brought renewed confidence to millions of prematurely aging men and women of America. Now he proposes to do the same service for American youth. Of course we are referring to Professor Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia University, author of Life Begins at Forty, and now author also of a series of articles immeasurably valuable to every ambitious young man or woman, the series called There Is a Job for You, which begins in Liberty next week.

MAHATMA GANDHI MAKES

another interesting confession in next week's Liberty. The great leader of the Passive Resistance Movement in India comes out with a frank criticism of the Oxford Movement. This is more than a little surprising. Gandhi, who since 1906 has lived a completely celibate life although surrounded by adoring women, is the foremost apostle of the life of Christian gentleness (although he is not a professed Christian), the leader among those who would turn the other cheek. In the Western world the doctrine of all-conquering love has had its most spectacular advertisement recently in the Oxford Movement, and there are many who believe that Dr. Buchman, founder of the Oxford Movement, got his inspiration from the sages of the Far East. Yet Gandhi, in his new article written for Liberty, will have nothing to do with the Oxford Movement. While recognizing certain of its teachings as having high value, he washes his hands of the whole enterprise. Why will he not join the Oxford Movement? His reasons Gandhi advances with candor and great clarity in next week's Liberty.

AGAIN WE BELIEVE

that Liberty next week will bring you entertainment, information, and inspiration. Among the features we especially recommend are two notable short stories, Ripcord, by Doris Stead, and Shovel Bum, by John Randolph Phillips; many interesting articles, including Why Hollywood Won't Move to New York, by Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles; Why I Won't Fight for Mike Jacobs, by Al Hostak; The Man Who Couldn't Die, by Frederick Lewis; What America Wants to Know About the War, by Vincent Sheean; Part Two of What Kind of President Would Senator Taft Make? by Frederick L. Collins; and full installments of I Was a Hitler Agent in the U. S. A., Calcutta Adventure, by Edison Marshall, and The Girl Next Door, by Eric Hatch.

JUST RECEIVED

another prison publication—a copy of the Souvenir Edition of the San Quentin Sports News. This remarkable paper would be a credit to any town in which it was published. The fact that it is written, edited, and published in the California State Prison is something to bring a cheer to the throat of any newspaperman. The type matter is

hand-set; the proofreading of this twelve-page newspaper, with intricate boxes of athletic statistics, display ads, and charmingly laid out pages, cannot be too highly praised. Quoting from one of its editorials:

"It is probably too much to expect that the men confined in San Quentin, or any other prison, will co-operate fully with any disciplinary officer placed over them. Inasmuch as the inmates have no voice whatever in their own affairs, it is difficult to see how they are receiving training in the most important duty of the citizen: that of exercising his franchise to the benefit of the whole society in which he lives."

Well, the fact that men can read and publish within their prison walls such a statement as that is encouraging, to say the least!

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY R. JAMES STUART



Read these letters from families who have bought their *second* refrigerator!

They are honest, simple, straightforward. They tell why more people every year are changing to Servel Electrolux—the only automatic that freezes silently with **NO MOVING PARTS!**



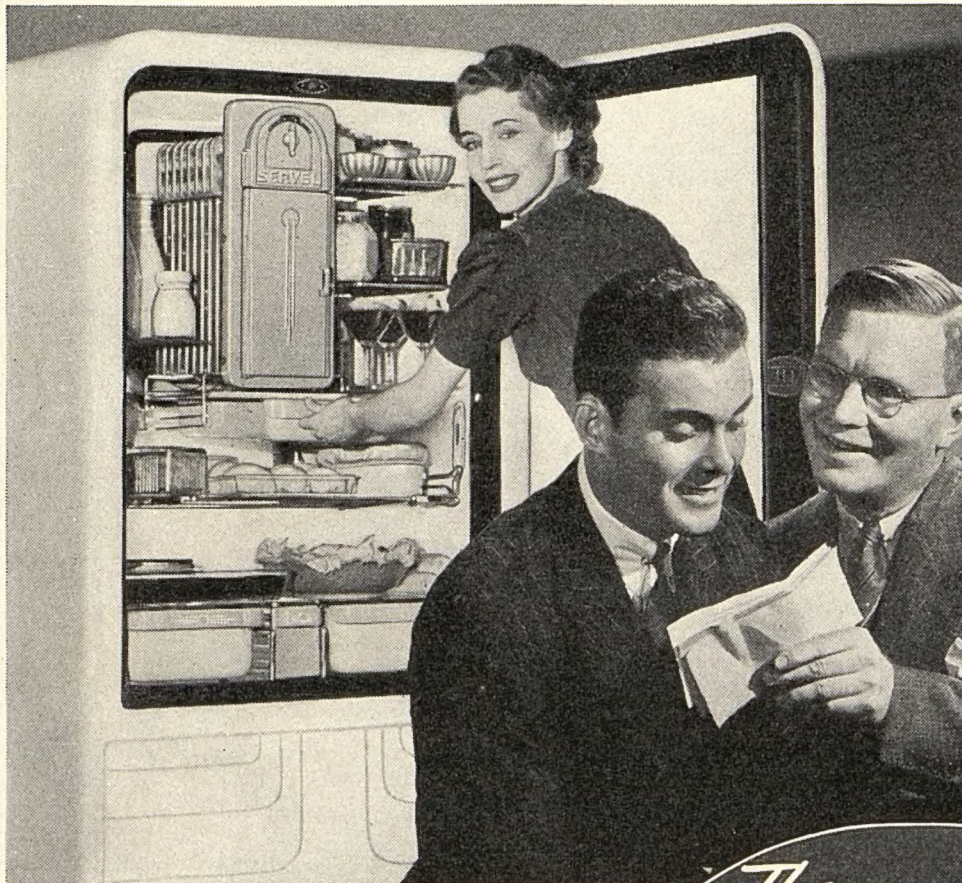
1 "This time we wanted silence—and no fooling!" writes Mrs. G. P. of Atchison, Kansas. "Naturally, our choice was a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator. You can't hear a thing, even though you're right beside it in the kitchen. And friends tell us you never will!"



2 "What a relief—no moving parts to wear!" That was reason enough for us to change to a Servel Electrolux," says Mrs. S. P. of Brooklyn, N. Y. "To anyone who's had experience with another kind, the idea of a refrigerator that works without machinery seems almost too good to be true!"

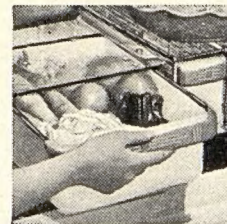


3 "Its simple operation convinced us that the gas refrigerator was the one to get this time!" reports Mrs. W. J. C. of Dorchester, Mass. "When we saw how a tiny flame takes the place of parts that move, we decided that Servel Electrolux ought to last us a mighty long time."



4 "We can't say enough for the way it saves!" says Mrs. H. R. A. of Dallas, Texas. "Of course, my husband always takes the credit for changing to a Servel. But really it was my doing. Our gas refrigerator runs for just a few cents a day, and this cost does not increase. Another thing, we never have to put out a penny now for repairs."

AND BESIDES...THE 1940 SERVEL ELECTROLUX IS ADAPTABLE TO YOUR EVERY NEED!



**MOIST COLD
DRY COLD
you get
BOTH!**

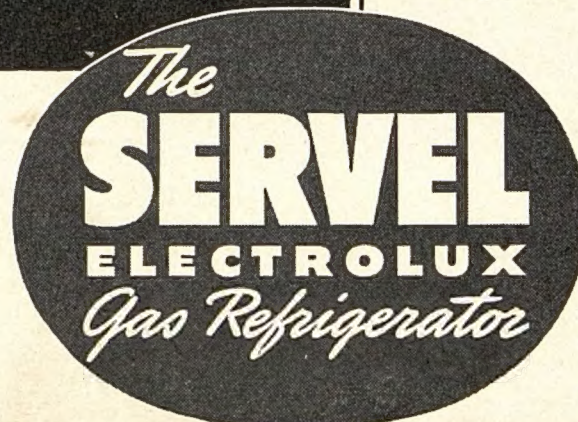


DEW-ACTION FRESHENER. Moisture falls like dew from the under side of glass cover...keeps fruits and vegetables always garden-fresh.

DRY OR MOIST MEAT STORAGE. Permits you to have dry cold or moist cold for meats, simply by changing the position of the cover.

PLUS... these other big features: Adjustable Interior Arrangement, Frozen Food Storage Compartment, Trigger Release for Trays, Flexible Metal Ice Cube Release, 3-Position Sliding Shelf, One-Piece Steel Cabinet.

SEE SERVEL AT YOUR GAS COMPANY or neighborhood dealer's showrooms. Remember, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every Servel it installs.



Important

**IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE MAINS,
THERE ARE MODELS TO RUN**

**ALSO ON BOTTLED GAS
TANK GAS or KEROSENE**

Write for details to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

Take a minute to refresh



COPYRIGHT 1940, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

When you're so busy you're ready to drop...drop into an easy chair and enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola from your own refrigerator. It's a refreshing little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

5¢



THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES